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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

A GENERAL spirit of unrest fills the ranks of labour all the world over. In England it finds expression in the utterance of speakers at the Trades Union Congress, in the agitation against the Osborne judgment, and in the numerous local strikes and breaches of agreement among the labourers which have led to the lock-out in the shipbuilding trade. In the United States it is heralded by the progress of the Democratic party, by their recent unexpected victory in the State of Maine, and by the outcry against the bosses. In Germany, long suppressed by a rigid and autocratic police system, it has at length burst into open revolt. The riots in Berlin have resulted from a strike of coal porters in the north-western industrial district of Moabit. The view put forward by the *Forward* that the strikers had nothing to do with the disturbances, which were entirely confined to the hooligan element of the population, was at first accepted in official quarters. But the skilful tactics which the mob displayed in the street fighting on Wednesday night point to the existence of one central organisation. This would seem to implicate the strikers' unions. The extent of the casualties is not yet ascertained, as the rioters hide their injuries in order to escape arrest; but judging from the reports of the fighting they must have been considerable. The trouble began by the attacks of the strikers on bodies of strike-breakers, although the latter were protected by mounted police. The German policeman, armed as he is with sword, revolver, and arbitrary authority, is not a pleasing personality. He is trained in a school which gives him an exaggerated opinion of his own importance, and his imperious demeanour makes him an object of general hate. This has doubtless largely contributed to the bitterness of the contest which is at present being waged in the Moabit quarter of Berlin.

Over 600 years ago, in the year 1307, Edward the First—or Edward the Englishman, as he was called—set forth on what was to be his last campaign. Robert Bruce had broken his oath of fealty and had caused himself to be crowned king of Scotland, and Edward, the great king, gathering his nobles around him, vowed that he would crush the rebel or die in the attempt. But the King's form was worn with age and wracked with suffering, and,

as he neared the Scottish border, his body succumbed beneath the weight of its infirmities; not, however, before he had charged his son to carry his body before the avenging army until the conquest of Scotland should be completed. History has it that his dying request was not carried out, but that his corpse was immediately taken back to Westminster Abbey and there interred. Mr. James King, vicar of St. Mary's, Berwick-on-Tweed, however, has put forward the idea that the Berwick sarcophagus may have been the temporary resting-place of the king's body. He bases his suggestion on the fact that the sarcophagus was exhumed near the Royal Castle of the Plantagenet kings; that its huge size renders it an adequate resting-place for Edward I., who was nicknamed Longshanks from his inordinate length, and that the Royal initials E.I. were cut on the outside of the coffin. Berwick, with its well-preserved walls, is a fertile spot for antiquarian research, and this suggestion of Mr. King should prove of considerable interest.

We deeply regret to hear that Chavez, the hero of the recent flight over the Alps, has succumbed to his injuries in the hospital at Domodossola. The accident seems to have been owing to the strain due to the sudden attempt on the part of the aviator to correct the angle of his descent, causing his aeroplane to collapse. It will be recalled that a similar accident resulted in the death of Mr. Rolls at Bournemouth. From these and other examples it appears, that while the problems of stability and equilibrium have been satisfactorily solved, more attention should be paid to the details of construction. Starting from Brigue, in Switzerland, Señor Chavez flew a distance of thirty-five miles, crossing the Simplon Pass at an altitude of over 7,000 feet, and alighted in the plains of Italy at Domodossola. For an hour he battled with the furious ever-varying mountain winds, with rock and precipice, and certain death below him. And then when his task was almost completed, and when only fifteen feet from the ground, disaster overtook him. Señor Chavez had previously won the height record with his ascent of one and two-third miles. He dies, the latest victim, sacrificed on the altar of progress, and the memory of his achievement will form the most worthy monument of his fame.

M. Paul Painlevé has put forward the idea in the French press that Great Britain should abdicate her naval position in the Mediterranean in favour of France. He suggests that the control of our two great strongholds at Malta and Gibraltar should be placed in French hands, and that France should oppose the growing sea power of the Triple Alliance, as represented by the fleets of Austria and Italy in the South, while the whole naval strength of England is concentrated in the North Sea as a counterpoise to the German menace. The scheme hardly seems to enter the sphere of practical statecraft. Great Britain, with her Indian Empire and Egyptian dependency, can never afford to retire from her line of communications in favour of an ally, however strong the bonds of alliance may temporarily appear to be. France has built up great and prosperous colonies in Algeria and Tunis, and her interests and influence are now spreading to Morocco. This Oriental expansion is likely ultimately to bring the interests of France into collision with those of Great Britain. The ties of the closest alliance would then soon be broken by material considerations, and France, supreme in the Mediterranean, would soon develop into a menace to our Eastern possessions.

The decision of the House of Lords in the now historic Osborne case has once more raised the question as to the payment of members of the House of Commons. Now it is particularly important for the Unionist party to maintain its traditional policy with regard to this question by opposing a measure which is likely to degrade the Lower House to a body of professional politicians. The

party has already lost considerable prestige by the attitude of indecision which its leaders have seen fit to adopt in the last two sessions. And now Mr. F. E. Smith, who up to the present time has been looked upon as destined to be one of the future leaders of the party, by his letter to the *Times* of Tuesday, 27th instant, has declared himself in favour of members' salaries. Does his declaration presage his entrance into the band of political apostates, or is it merely indicative of the spirit of servile compromise which characterises contemporary Unionist politics? Since the accession of the Liberal Government to power in 1906 the Civil Service estimates have been almost doubled, and non-contributive old-age pensions have placed an ever-increasing financial burden on the nation.

The development of the sea-power of the Triple Alliance will necessitate in the immediate future an enormous additional expenditure on our Naval armaments, and the breakdown of the Territorial system would seem to announce the complete reform of our Army with all its attendant expense. And now it is proposed to burden the national finances with members' salaries. It is true that the proposed vote of £300 per member would only amount to some £200,000 per year. But in the United States an initial salary of £180 has grown to £1,500 a year, with some £300 per year allowance for a secretary, a considerable sum for travelling expenses, a sumptuously furnished office, and various other perquisites. As in many cases the United States Congressmen appoint their own son or daughter as secretary, the lot of the professional politician is rendered comparatively happy. Moreover, there is not a single genuine Labour member in the American House of Representatives, as they are no match at the polls for the professional opponents that they have to meet. And yet, in this country, payment of members is seriously put forward as a solution of the problems of labour representation which the Osborne judgment has raised.

We note with interest the publication of the first number of *T.P.'s Magazine*. Mr. T. P. O'Connor's enterprise is much to be commended, for there was undoubtedly room for such a magazine. We understand that Mr. Holbrook Jackson and Mr. Wilfred Whitten, the latter of whom was some time on the staff of THE ACADEMY, are responsible for the carrying out of the idea, and they are to be congratulated on the result. But while extending a cordial welcome to the venture, we must not be understood as expressing an unreserved endorsement of all that is in the first number. For instance, there seems to us scarcely enough enterprise in the bringing out of new names or new matter. The only justification for Mr. Robert Blatchford's article is apparently that he has a well-known name. His article is entitled "What I Believe To-day," which in itself is a somewhat egregious title, apart from the very dogmatic statement of that belief. Mr. Haldane Macfall on "Germany's Amazing Young Men" is admirable, however, and the illustrations are striking, if not remarkable, while Mr. Edward Clodd's reminiscences are, of course, full of interest. There are some men who are more noteworthy by reason of their friendships than because of their works; and it is no necessary disparagement of Mr. Clodd's work to say that he is one of these men. The story from Mr. Arnold Bennett's pen is good, but no more. There is room and opportunity for considerable adventure in the selection of short stories, and a new magazine should open its pages for such adventure. M. Maeterlinck has a characteristic essay on "Two Kinds of Courage," and Mr. Holbrook Jackson contributes an interesting if somewhat fantastic article on the new type of head that he has discovered to be characteristic of the times. John o'London "At the Sign of the Lamp" is admirable. Apart from criticism in detail, we extend a hearty welcome to the new magazine, and will look forward with considerable interest to the second number.

BIRD OF PASSAGE

Tell me, O bird, with plumage grey and white,
Why dost thou wander here at dark of day?
Barred is the lattice, for behold! the night
Draws her long curtain, flecked with golden light,
Softly this way.

Tell of the land in which thou late hadst rest—
Was it some country of the amorous South,
Where roses redder and the air's oppress
By perfume, such as that from Love's own breast
And honied mouth?

Or did thy wild wings beat where northern snow
Spreads a vast shroud beneath the ashen sky,
While in the midnight suns phantasmal glow
And frozen flames, like spectral javelins, throw
Their lights on high?

Or were thy pinions spread o'er ruined ways
Where twilights linger and old echoes strong,
Secretly piping on faint flutes of praise
The pomp and purple of Neronian days
And Sappho's song?

Or didst thou fly by lone Gethsemane,
That garden sacred to the Nazarene?
Or, crossing at a flight the Narrow Sea,
Skim sands where kings, once lords of destiny,
Sleep on unseen?

Away! God-speed! Go, train thy silvery flight
Against the breast of some more sanguine star,
Where the long day is odorous and the night
Reeks to a melody of dim delight
From lutes afar.

E. A. M.

THE NOTORIOUS MR. URE

THAT unconsciously amusing body, the Cobden Club, has just perpetrated unawares a rare jest. It has sent us, under one and the same cover, a pamphlet dealing with the truth about the working men's visits to Germany, and a pamphlet by Mr. Ure. Is the first-mentioned pamphlet—apparently anonymous—by the same author? We say definitely that Mr. Ure is not the author of the first-named pamphlet. The Lord Advocate, with all the faults which we are inclined to attribute to him, is a cultured man, and a man of letters. The vulgar and foolish pamphlet, entitled "Tales of the Tariff Trippers," could not have been written by Mr. Ure. We do not know why the pamphlet, which was written by Mr. Ure with ability and characteristic unfairness, entitled "Tariff Reform as a Method of Raising Revenue," was sent under the same cover with this revolting brochure. There also came a sheet of notes, "for the Editor's use, with the compliments of the Cobden Club." The Editor of THE ACADEMY does not wish for the promptings or the compliments of the Cobden Club, the membership of which he believes is composed mostly of obscure persons with un-British names.

Here we should like to enter a protest against the latter-day treatment of politics. Politics should be the science of government. What science, we should like to ask, is there in the vulgar advertising methods adopted in these days? We submit that such methods contain a confession that a large number of people have been enfranchised who are totally unfit to understand the problems of the day. This is the natural result of party politics, savouring of cajolery and cowardice. If you know that men will not take the trouble to understand affairs, you ought not to enfranchise them. If you know that if they would take the trouble they are hopelessly incapable of understanding the essential needs of the State, you ought not to enfranchise them. Having enfranchised them, we object to the line which Mr. Ure—we take him as an example, because he

knows better—adopts. These people in whose hands the welfare of the State is placed in trust—a trust which many of them are wholly unfitted to deal with—require to be educated with the truth, so that they may at least be given the chance of fulfilling duties which have been wrongly confided to them. These people are anxious to learn. Even when they are not free agents, and have to vote to order, under the heel of a grinding despotism—of whose methods we are fully aware—these electors listen patiently and with excellent decorum to speeches which present the point of view which they dare not support at the poll. It is pathetic sometimes to watch the earnest endeavour to understand problems which are barely within the comprehension of the audience. Is it not a shame that in such circumstances a man of culture, an enlightened man, a man of letters, should be so biased by party fervour as to place before such an audience statements which are not fair comment, and which do not enlighten, but which mislead?

We have no intention of joining in any vulgar animadversions on Mr. Ure. We protest against the system by whomsoever it is employed. Mr. Ure is an ardent politician, and we select him for criticism because we think he is a bad offender. We should like to appeal to him to state his case fairly. He has all the ability, and we venture to think he would be much more effective in a new rôle.

Mr. Ure's pamphlet "Tariff Reform as a method of Raising Revenue" is a statement of his point of view which is written soberly, but we take exception absolutely to the passage where he says that the Budget taxes "have been accepted by a party which disliked them." They have not been accepted at all, and it will be the duty of the Unionist Government which will succeed to power soon, to repeal them. The Unionist Government will not take this action in the interest of any class, but in the interest of sanity and the welfare of the community. The Budget taxes, if continued, would be the curse and ruin of the country. They were devised by a charlatan, and fathered by a simpleton in finance. They strike at the root of prosperity and equilibrium. They were an experiment in revolution. They are now branded as ruinous ruin.

We do not desire to refer at length to Mr. Ure's heresies at the Gladstone Park, Dollis Hill. It was not a well-chosen spot on which to laud Socialist finance. Whatever claim to affectionate remembrance the late Mr. Gladstone may possess, rests mainly on his financial purity and success. To expound and to acclaim in such an atmosphere and at such a place a policy of taxation "all upon land alone" is an act of irreverence.

Mr. Ure should not speak on platforms. Once there he has no sense of proportion, no sense of fairness, and no political sanity. As Lord Advocate he is of no importance in the Government. The only distinctive value he has is that he gives a lead to men of more importance, who are not gifted with discretion.

SOME POETS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

CERTAIN names, when we are limiting ourselves to "some" poets of the Victorian era, cannot possibly be omitted, and it was considered advisable, in planning the progression of these articles, to take first the five or six most eminent, concluding with a brief sketch of two or three whose powers, great in their way, were narrowed into a more particular channel. The difficulty, of course, has been to select from the names that rush to the mind. Thomas Lovell Beddoes, the "belated Elizabethan," who died in 1849; William Morris, whose "Defence of Guenevere" was published in 1856; Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, Rossetti's great friend—still happily with us; Clough, Henley—all seemed to claim a hearing and to upbraid, for each has written the truest stuff of poetry in greater or less degree and quantity.

Nor can we resist quoting a stanza of Coventry Patmore with which we fell in love at first sight:

Love wakes men, once a lifetime each,
They lift their heavy lids, and look,
And lo! what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book;
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but either way
That and the child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day.

After much hesitation, Matthew Arnold and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, representing two extremes, one rightly termed the intellectual and the other wrongly called the "fleshy" school of poetry, seemed fit subjects for our final chapters. From those who will most certainly complain that some personal favourite has been sacrificed, or who have their own opinions as to order, we must crave indulgence, merely pointing out that space—in spite of astronomers and mathematicians—is not illimitable, that there are other themes of interest in the world besides poetry, and that if every suggestion as to arrangement had been adopted the result would have been a very fair imitation of chaos.

To turn from the work of Arnold to the poems of Rossetti is, speaking broadly, not unlike passing from a gallery of sweet and tranquil English landscapes to a *salon* hung with dark, luxurious portraits, rich with voluptuous tones and guarded lights. It was said of Rossetti, with a smartness a little too obvious, that "it is doubtful whether he had not better have painted his poems and written his pictures." Supposing this possible, we should have had very much the same result. There is truth in the comment, however; his work is so full of brilliant images and gorgeous word-pictures that the reader feels himself becoming something of an art-critic as well as an appraiser of poetic values. For Rossetti to write a "nature-poem" was a rare occurrence; pure description of

"Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in,
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in"

did not appeal to him; his imageries drawn from Nature are nearly always turned to one use—the worship of womanhood. Wonderful, mysterious, sacred above all things, was woman, with her possibilities of love, to this man of great and generous heart. So has she inspired many poets—we might say every poet—at times, but none so consistently or so richly; yet it was in a manner very different from Swinburne's poignant passion or from Browning's abrupt ecstasies that his adoration exhibited itself. Tinged ever with a sighing sadness, with a subtle, almost inexpressible pain, Rossetti's poems betray his constant sensitiveness to the pang that hides in all surpassingly beautiful things. It is the poet, heart-shaken, longing for the ideal. We find this divine melancholy in many of his sonnets:

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell.

In the magnificent sextet of another sonnet sounds the premonition of loss even in the midst of possession, as some penetrating minor chord might invade a symphony of love:

O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,
How then should sound upon life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of hope,
The wind of death's imperishable wing?

It is not surprising that so intense a devotion to womanhood should have led a man of Rossetti's temperament into departures from the conventional treatment of love which offended some of the critics. The myopic good people who will have it that the nude is "immoral," who are convinced that the adjectives "sensuous" and "voluptuous"

are words which no really proper person can mention without averted head and sanctimonious shudder, are always with us. Their idea of love-poetry would probably not extend much beyond a judicious portrayal of the young couple trudging arm-in-arm to chapel with downcast eyes and little fingers surreptitiously linked—which would be eminently "proper" but undeniably dull. Fortunately they have not yet succeeded in eliminating Shakespeare from English literature, nor need their strictures provoke more than a good-humoured smile. Rossetti, however, was made the subject of an attack which even now seems hard to explain, and which he could not disregard as he ought to have done. With the details of the pseudonymous article by Robert Buchanan, which accused him of morbid eroticism, we are not here concerned; but if any straightforward reader of "The House of Life," equipped with the necessary critical power, can find in the sonnets anything to be banished, then we must first ask him if he has carefully blocked out parts of "Romeo and Juliet," half of "Venus and Adonis," and, in fact, thoroughly bowdlerised nine-tenths of the Elizabethans. It is worth remembering that Buchanan admitted (though too late to restore Rossetti's disturbed balance) that the attack was unjust and unmerited.

"The House of Life" has long ago taken its place as one of the few great sonnet-sequences in our language. On every page the author's exquisite sense of word-values is shown, together with an almost uncanny perfection of technique; we can occasionally perceive the result, too, of his search among old ballads and romances at the British Museum, in the hope of "pitching upon stunning words for poetry." It is not a sequence in the sense of telling any definite story, but the sonnets are related none the less, although each, in accordance with Rossetti's invariable method, enshrines a definite idea. We quote one, not perhaps the best, since they are of astonishingly equal merit, but as an example of an almost fierce strength that rarely appears amid the general luxuriance of thought:

The last days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The throats of men in Hell, who thirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
"I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?"
"And I—and I—thyself," (lo! each one saith),
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"
(To be continued.)

THE IRONY OF TIME

TIME'S curious irony was witnessed a short time back when Mr. Holman Hunt, the last, as he was the first, of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, passed away at the ripe age of 83. The papers that were loudest in verbal regrets, and most emphatic in their appreciation of his art, were the very journals whose indiscriminative and bitter abuse of him made it doubtful at one time whether he would ever be able to continue his work, and which, in fact, drove him in the zenith of this abuse to the decision of prospective emigration—from which emigration he was only saved by the loyal generosity of his friend and fellow-worker Millais. "Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." But what an admirably manly thing it would have been if some such journal had frankly admitted its early mistake! Or, failing that, if some such journal came to the equally manly decision to give sympathetic attention, if not appreciation, to any coming innovators in the manifold sphere of Art!

As always happens, the evil that such abuse did was twofold, extending past the man to his work. An early criticism couched in sympathy might have saved Holman Hunt from some of the cruder effects in colouring to which the very attitude of deliberate antagonism drove him. Creative work driven to revolt by the very nature of the case is bound to lose some of that purity of intention that the true artist endeavours to achieve. And this was bound to be the case with one so inflexibly staunch as was Holman Hunt. Rossetti died, and Millais turned away from the initial intention of the school (though he never lost its fervour of inspiration), yet though he lost these two, who, with him, were the founders of the P.R.B., he never swerved from his original ideals, being as rigidly faithful to them in "The Lady of Shalott" as he was in the first inception of the idea when he, together with his two fellow-craftsmen, searched through a book of frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, "seeking for some sure ground, some starting-point for our art, which would be secure if it were ever so humble."

It is too early to attempt a complete estimate of his work, which can never truly be done while the glamour of the artist's personality haunts the scene of his labours. Moreover, the very protagonist element in his work is not only some of its own undoing, but also confuses the necessary perspective that completes estimated demand. He was somewhat an architect in colour, fidelity to fact being a firm axiom of his artistic creed. But while one sometimes misses that reticence which the highest art always embodies, one cannot but rejoice that he was an artist who cared not at all for that excessive sombreness that one finds nowhere in the universe save on certain canvases. Artificial antitheses and rigid conventions he swept aside with a reckless hand, and achieved vitality in the doing of it. "To me," said he, "it is like the balance of empty scales: they balance, but there is nothing in them." His sincerity of observation and his infinite pains-taking in production were finely characteristic of the man. Moreover, the fact that so many of his subjects were religious is not insignificant. For this very religious instinct of his kept him close to the heart of nature. It enabled him to see the colours and richness of truth; and his pigment followed the observing mind and eye with the deliberation of sincerity. And if he did not always achieve synthesis of thought and production, this is only to say that one man may not be all things.

It was, of course, his "Light of the World" that brought him his widest popularity. This picture was so badly hung, so unjustly displayed, in its final resting-place in Keble College Chapel, Oxford, that fifty years afterwards he painted a copy, which Mr. Charles Booth sent, in a finely conceived thought, on a mission of cohesion round the Empire. It is this copy which now hangs in St. Paul's Cathedral, near the resting-place of his remains. But while he gave the work of his manhood and maturity to the Bible, his youth was occupied with those two founts of colour in English literature, Shakespeare and Keats, from which he extracted for treatment subjects that need as little enumeration as his later work.

He was our last link with times that were great and spacious. But though he himself has gone, his inspiration remains to exalt and purge the secret springs of national emotion.

THE COAST OF BOHEMIA

THE "Problems Editor" of the *Westminster Gazette* recently offered a prize for the best essay on "The Seashore of Bohemia," and in subsequently making his award he informed his readers that there were many ways in which the subject might have been taken, and that among the essays submitted to him there had been "several good Mandeville imitations, and numberless dream episodes, aeroplane adventures, and fragments of philosophic sociology." Finally, he divided the prize between three competitors, each of whom had simply regarded

"Bohemia" as that sphere of society in which people lead more or less erratic lives. There is no question of disputing the award, but on the editor's own showing, it seems that none of his competitors approached the subject from the historical standpoint, or attempted to justify Shakespeare for introducing the coast of Bohemia into "The Winter's Tale."

Judging by a passing reference in the essay on our great dramatist which appears in the recently issued volumes of the "Cambridge History of English Literature," Professor George Saintsbury still seems to regard that mention of the Bohemian coast as a lapse or blunder on Shakespeare's part, though one might have thought that all scholars would nowadays have recognised that Shakespeare, in borrowing his Bohemian coast episode from Robert Greene, was amply justified by historical facts. Eighteenth-century English critics, and those also of the early part of the nineteenth century, might have pleaded that, in their time, little was known in this country respecting early Bohemian history, although even then some of the Bohemian chronicles, written in mediæval Latin, were accessible in certain published collections; whilst there was also some account of Bohemia in the "Universal History" issued in London in many volumes between 1779 and 1784. As for Shakespearian critics of the present day, although the majority may be unacquainted with the Slavonic languages, and, therefore, unable to read the works of several Bohemian historians, they at least have at their disposal Franz Palacky's five-volume "History of Bohemia" in German, which was originally published as far back as the middle of the nineteenth century; as well as Count Lützow's historical sketch, written in English and issued in London of recent years, and also the volume on Bohemia included in the well-known "Story of the Nations" series. There is, therefore, the less excuse nowadays for any contemptuous or apologetic remarks concerning Shakespeare's references to the Bohemian coast. History tells us, indeed, that there was a period when the kingdom of Bohemia possessed both a northern and a southern seaboard.

That period was no far-away age of flint or iron or bronze, nor was it even one of the dark centuries following the fall of Rome. Henry III. was king of England, St. Louis king of France, and Alfonso the Wise king of Castille, when the dominions of the Bohemian crown extended from the Baltic to the Adriatic. In the middle of the thirteenth century, indeed, there arose a mighty Bohemian ruler, one of the ancient Premysl line, called Ottokar II., who, after succeeding to the paternal throne as ruler of Bohemia proper, Silesia, Lusatia, and a part of Saxony, marched victorious to the Baltic, driving the still pagan Prussians before him, and who, afterwards turning southward, successively annexed either by conquest or by treaty the Duchy of Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, and Istria, in such wise that in the year 1269 the coast north-east of the Adriatic Sea was included in his dominions. Westward, towards Italy, Ottokar's rule embraced Pordenone, and he was recognised also as over-lord by Feltre, Treviso, and even Verona. Venice, meantime, viewed his extension of sovereignty with genuine alarm.

The part of the Adriatic coast which Ottokar possessed is now by common consent called the Austrian sea-board, though Austria proper, like Bohemia proper, is, strictly speaking, an inland State. If, however, in the struggle which supervened between Ottokar and Rodolph of Hapsburg, the former and not the latter had proved victorious, the so-called Austrian Empire of to-day might have remained a Bohemian one—in which case who of us would have smiled at any mention of the Bohemian coast? We do not smile at an old-time reference to the French coast. Yet the original France—the so-called Isle of France—had no sea-board whatever. There were only the coasts of Picardy, Normandy, Brittany, Poitou, Aunis, Gascony, Roussillon, Languedoc, and Provence.

It has been mentioned that before seizing a part of the Adriatic shore, Ottokar had marched his forces to the

Baltic. It was beside the waves of that northern sea that in 1257 he raised the castle of the city of Königsberg, where only the other day the German Kaiser asserted his Divine Right. Modern Prussia, recognising Ottokar as the virtual founder of the city—which was, indeed, named Königsberg after him, and not after any Prussian sovereign—has set his statue beside those of the Hohenzollern monarchs on the Gate of the Kings.

The Bohemian dominions had often expanded before Ottokar's time. Boleslav II., for instance, had held all Hungary to the Danube, and Poland as far as Lemberg. But the hostilities with the Poles, the Hungarians, and the Germans were incessant, and the fortune of war proved fickle. Thus Ottokar's predominance in eastern and central Europe lasted but few years. He declined the imperial dignity, which some Electors of the Germano-Roman Empire wished to see conferred on him; for he preferred to act as a king-maker, and to promote the election of some prince whom he would have used as his puppet. But, by the diplomacy of Frederick of Hohenzollern, subsequently Burggrave of Nuremberg, and an ancestor of the present German Kaiser, it was Rodolph of Hapsburg who became head of the Empire; and he, a few years later, banded the German princes together against the Bohemian king. In 1276 Ottokar had to relinquish his southern possessions, including his strip of the Adriatic coast, and two years afterwards, hostilities having been resumed—for he had resolved on making a final attempt to overcome the founder of the House of Austria—he was vanquished and fell while fighting desperately at the great battle of Marchfeld.

Nevertheless, leaving aside all question of the temporary lodgment which Ottokar effected on the Baltic shore, and which he afterwards freely relinquished to the Teutonic knights, it remains a fact that during several years the Bohemian possessions included a southern seaboard. With regard to that matter, there is an interesting passage in Robert Greene's "Pandosto" (otherwise "Dorastus and Faunia") from which Shakespeare derived the greater part of the plot of "The Winter's Tale." Greene tells us that the lovers—that is, Dorastus and Faunia—who in Shakespeare's play become Florizel and Perdita, having quitted Sicilia with favourable winds, reached the Bohemian coast on "the fourth day at ten of the clock." Assuming the Bohemian coast, in this case, to be Istria, Greene's statement would imply very swift sailing for a vessel of his time, though the computation is not one to overtax modern belief.

It is, of course, true that Greene's geography was strange at times. One can forgive the suggestion contained in some lines of his dramatic version of "Orlando Furioso," that when the Peers of France went in search of the lost "Angelica" they sailed to India by way of the North-West Passage, for that passage, it will be remembered, was much talked about in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who encouraged the "Fellowship" for its discovery. But Greene blundered badly when he took Hesperides as a place-name and when he turned Iberia into Tyberius. Whatever may have been his mistakes, however, he certainly had historical warrant for assigning a sea coast to Bohemia.

He was not an untravelled man. It is known that he visited Italy, and it is also claimed that he journeyed to Poland. Indeed, his "Pandosto" is said to have been derived from a Polish source. In Italy he may have heard little, if anything, respecting Bohemia. It is quite likely that nobody there ever told him that a great Bohemian army had once besieged Milan, or that Venice, three centuries previously, had been seriously alarmed when King Ottokar pounced down upon the coast across the Adriatic. Nor may Greene have known that, although the mariners of Trieste were mainly Italians and Levantines, the peasantry of that region—going inland, for instance, towards Laibach—were largely Slavs (even as a good many of them are still to-day), kinsmen, indeed, of those Wends of Lusatia whom Bohemia had long ruled. But it is not unlikely that the old Polish *mährchen*, from

which both "Pandosto" and "The Winter's Tale" are said to have sprung, may have attributed a seaboard to Bohemia, and that Greene, like Shakespeare afterwards, simply followed pre-existing statements. It should be observed in this connection that Poland, and Hungary also—as well as Bohemia itself—long remembered the bold monarch Ottokar who marched his armies from sea to sea and raised his country's fortunes to their highest pitch. Little as he may have been known in England, popular traditions kept his memory green in Eastern Europe. Legends sprang up about him, legends akin to those of King Arthur and Barbarossa. Folk were long unwilling to believe that the great Bohemian conqueror was really dead. Amidst the vicissitudes of the times it was often imagined that he would suddenly emerge from some enchantment, some captivity, some trance, to overwhelm his foes and re-establish his empire from northern to southern shore.

However, even if the Bohemian kingdom had never possessed a coast it would really seem allowable to assign it one in such compositions as "Pandosto" and "The Winter's Tale," in which fantasy is so prominent, in which there is not the slightest pretence of any historical or chronological accuracy. To Greene's various anachronisms, improbabilities, and impossibilities Shakespeare added others, notably the crowning episode of Hermione as a living statue, which was doubtless suggested to him by the legend of Pygmalion. In other respects he took the greatest liberties with Greene's text, shifting, for instance, much of the action from Bohemia to Sicily; and it may be urged, perhaps, that as he made so many alterations he might have gone further and have substituted for Bohemia some other country, such as really possessed a sea coast in his own time. But he did not trouble to do so. He knew right well that his play of "The Winter's Tale" was merely a *jeu d'esprit*, a farrago of fancy, and he hesitated no more in respect to the Bohemian coast than he did in respect to Apollo's long-departed oracle—which had also figured in Greene's tale—and in respect to his own contemporary, Giulio Romano. But it so happens that, although his assignment of a sea-shore to Bohemia has often been taken as an indication of great ignorance on his part, it really establishes nothing of the kind, being amply justified by history. If we deny that the realm of Bohemia ever had a coast, we must also deny that Apollo ever had that oracle at Delphi which Shakespeare likewise introduces into his play.

REVIEWS

SOME PLEASANT VERSE

England's Son, and Other Poems. By MAXWELL GRAY. (Digby, Long, and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Ballads from the Danish, and Original Verses. By E. M. SMITH-DAMPIER. (Melrose. 2s. net.)

South Africa, and Other Poems. By A. VINE HALL. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

Exmoor Lyrics, and Other Verses. By ROSE E. SHARLAND. (Arrowsmith, Bristol; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London. 1s. net.)

THE poet, said a French critic, has not only to make poetry, to rhyme cleverly—he has to cultivate that power which our souls possess of rising above facts and expressing the invisible; he keeps open the road between the seen and the unseen. Thus, when the poet takes up some specific theme, such as patriotism, he is far more likely to write good rhyme than poetry, for there is not much scope for these ethereal gifts in patriotic verse, unless he be equipped in a very special manner. To write a fine poem in honour of king and country seems a rare accomplishment. According to general ideas, it should have a "swing" with it; if possible it must fit in beautifully with

the marching of feet and have a regular drum-bang of emphasis every few words; and it ought to have a stirring "follow-the-flag-my-boys" refrain. Mr. Kipling has distinguished himself (not always envitably) in this desperately rhythmic business; but, for our part, we would rather read all the minor verse that has been published this year and run the risk of being hauled before a magistrate for attempted suicide than be compelled to produce a lengthy set of stanzas ostensibly to our country's glory. The author of "England's Son" evidently feels the difficulty he has set himself, but his patriotic verses are by no means of a low order:—

What have you done with him, Captain, Captain,
Done with my brave, brave son?—
I've made him a gallant lad, Mother,
To shoulder and fire the gun;
I've made him a soldier trained, Mother,
To march, salute, and wheel,
As straight as a pine and as strong as a rock,
With a heart and nerves of steel.

Then comes a "For it's up and follow the drum" refrain, without which no poem can be truly patriotic. Much better, however, is the remainder of this volume—the greater part of it, in fact. The little set of stanzas entitled "World's Wealth" are excellent of their kind—a plea for the quiet life, for—

A gray cathedral's mellow chime
Hard by, where saints and kings
Have prayed long ages past, and Time
Dreams hushed, with folded wings;

Some trees for winds to sing in, near
Some plot of grassy ground,
Something to love, to hope, to fear,
Some duty's iron round.

A short sequence of sonnets, "A Life's Love," pleases us; we may give one from the group:—

Grieve not; for I do love thee, love thee dear.
Even as an exile loves the hills that stand
Around the homes and graves of his own land,
As youth loves joy; strong men, when death is near,
Love life; or they who grieve alone, one tear
Of sympathy; as captives, cramped by band
And wall, love air and light and sea-foamed sand;
As eagles love blue space and cloud-peaks sheer;
With longing deep as sick men's for the dawn,
Day labourer's for evening dews, and those
On desert sand long strayed, for palms and wells.
Why do I love thee? Ask why seas are drawn
In heaped waves to the moon, why water flows
Seaward, by winding vales and sheer-plunged falls.

There are echoes of Mrs. Browning here, if we mistake not, but on the whole the poems are quite in an original vein and reach a high level. The author should avoid the repetition of words in a sonnet—such as "sheer" and "sand" in the one quoted.

Poems translated from a foreign tongue are not always particularly pleasant to read, but these "Ballads from the Danish," which follow strictly the original metres (so the translator informs us), are curiously effective in their cadences. Each tells a story or recounts some incident of the olden time, and the author preserves the same style in the few poems from his own pen which conclude the volume. For those who tire of the philosophic and moralising school of poetry these rhyming narratives will be an agreeable change, and we presume they have some value as records of a land unfamiliar to most English people. A short explanatory preface, giving sources and a little information as to Danish poetry, we have looked for in vain.

Mr. Vine Hall rhapsodises fervently upon the subject of "South Africa," and in one case at least he succeeds in making the Englishman, on the verge of the foggy season,

envious of that sunlit land. The sonnet "Two Novembers" is a fair example of his work:—

November! As I speak thy dolorous name
I seem to feel once more the bitter sleet
Cut my cold cheek; I see the mid-day street
Lit with the yellow gas-lamp's sickly flame;
The leagues of greasy pavement; while the same
Thou loom'st, and clothed in murky winding-sheet,
Dread Shape, above the myriad hurrying feet,
As when my life thy charnel-house did claim.

November! Shadowy aisles of oak and pine
Where star-tipped wands of countless fireflies shine,
Lighting the lilies homeward—Flora's sheep.
And now upon a starrier path I look,
And young Moon shepherding with silver crook
Her cloudy flocks to the far fields of Sleep.

A very pretty idea, but very faultily carried out. Mr. Vine Hall should not write sonnets. "Cloud and Wind on Table Mountain" is excellent, in heroic couplets, and shows a command of picturesque metaphor.

To celebrate a certain locality in verse is to run the danger of a limited appeal, unless the view-point is that of a philosopher such as Wordsworth; the rhymes are liable to be so purely descriptive that interest is lost. This, for instance, from "Exmoor Lyrics," does not tell us much:—

Woodlands of witching beauty, where the flowers
Peep from moss-crevices at the golden beams,
Which through the branches wake them from their dreams
To kiss them in their dew-embroidered hours.

It is mere rhyming, and Miss Sharland is too free with it. She can do much better, and amply proves her skill; but she should guard herself severely against her tendency to use jingling metres. We are irresistibly reminded once or twice, also, of Mark Twain's tragedy of the "blue trip-slip for a six-cent fare," or whatever it was:—

The sunburnt glow of the ploughboy's face,
The well-knit form, with its careless grace,—

this is a dangerous rhythm to attempt, and a terribly easy one to write. Apart from these drawbacks, however, Miss Sharland has some very pretty verses in praise of her loved West Country, and a close acquaintance—we might say friendship—with many of the beauty spots she describes so charmingly enables us to appreciate the spirit of her songs. If she were to train her muse by a rigorous practice of the sonnet—not for publication, we hasten to add—and to adopt some less hackneyed measures than most of those she here essays, she would soon write poetry. "Horner Water" is a delightful lyric, but it need not have concluded with a tongue-twisting line, having regard to the rapid measure:—

Like you, in depths unfathomed, through the glamour of the gloaming,
My spirit should find rest in some calm sea.

Nobody could enunciate that last line comfortably. Phrases such as "the glamour of the gloaming" betray the inexperienced hand, but we fancy that Miss Sharland in due time will do some really fine work.

A NEW LITERARY FORM

The Price of Freedom. (A Tale of To-day, Creating an Entirely New Literary Form, and an Introduction thereto.) By DEANE BALLYNN. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd. 6s.)

By a circular letter which accompanies each copy of this book the author begs that special attention shall be given to it, as it is "something really new in literature." We therefore approached it with enthusiasm, murmuring words of welcome—words which, unfortunately, rapidly changed to accents of despair. The "entirely new literary form" which Mr. Ballynn desires to inaugurate, and which

"The Price of Freedom" is supposed to exemplify, is emphasised on every possible occasion in an introduction of 98 pages; therefore we are justified, having read from cover to cover, in complaining that whatever good qualities the book may possess, it has no graces of literature. Not six pages can be turned anywhere in the volume without exposing grievous faults of grammar, sentences lacking a principal verb, terrible split infinitives ("to at once rightly construct" is one, "to here innocently enter" is another), extraordinary perversions of language, and violations of the elementary laws of composition, which are astounding. The heroine cries "in a voice that seemed to blindly grope amidst the darkness and desolation of the blow." Her husband, described as a well-bred man, thunders "Rats!" and "Rot!" to her; she, again, says "You'd best send Mrs. Cozen off," and a lawyer in the story is "flabbergasted." Here is a pretty mixture of tenses:—

Dr. Stirling, at once springing out on to the balcony, tore the brutal wretch off his wife and hurled him back into the room. Where, on his struggling like a madman, he holds him with the assistance of Carbutter, who too at this moment ran in. Inkorn and Maud, in the interim, raise Griselda to her feet and would support her back into the room, but she will halt upon the threshold of the window.

"When, *like as if* in answer to her desire for a diversion," fairly startled us, for they are the author's own words, not those of some illiterate character in his story.

The idea of the "New Form," that of bringing out every play as a novel before it is staged, in a manner which shall permit the reader to visualise vividly each scene, does not appeal to us; possibly this is merely because it is here presented so feebly. That it might successfully persuade the public to read plays more than is at present the case seems probable, since the appearance of the book would be, to all intents and purposes, that of the ordinary novel; but there are many delicate little plays of fancy which the slightest alteration would spoil. Some of the views set forth render us suspicious of the author, and give us doubts as to whether he is the man to conceive any radically good scheme; for example, he argues that "the popular appreciation of musical comedy appears hopeful, as an index of an ability to appreciate reality"—surely a surprising statement! We also disagree with the following statement, which, by the way, is a fair specimen of the style (or lack of it) pervading the whole book:—

A play merely for the study is a hideous abortion, and its author a man of unnatural tastes amidst the stern morality of art. While those who like reading these solely study plays are the pimps to depraved ability. As those others who profess to be satisfied with merely reading a performable play, without any desire to see it acted, are, where not intellectual braggarts, always freaks. Like a man who professes to value and admire a watch as a timepiece, yet never wants to see it go.

With all this the author patronises Mr. A. B. Walkley and Mr. E. A. Baughan, who "touch the nadir of perfection"! We shall be exceedingly interested to hear what they have to say about Mr. Ballynn's methods. In his story he contradicts himself; on one page the hero and his wife had "got along very well together—though without any heart or soul union," and a few pages afterwards the lady is made to remember "those higher, rarer delights, when her's and Victor's souls reaching out, met and embraced some single thought, making them together but one spirit."

We give a few instances of construction in the "new literary form" from the story itself:—

When, now of a sudden, she started listening, as the sound of her husband savagely humming scraps of a college drinking song, broke upon her ear.

For Griselda was not slow to rebut a censure meant for her. Yet did so as gently as firmly.

To satisfy a natural curiosity and sensitiveness about the strangeness of this friend of her husband's being her only

motive. It was the fear that only now suddenly arose within her, that there might be something unexpected, unpleasant, sinister, something intractable to the solutions that till the present moment she had not doubted would be satisfactorily forthcoming, that made her shrink back, and exclaim "Ah!"

"I will give the Honourable Mrs. Forcer your message, sir," and the servant who had ushered Colonel Boon into the room retired, shutting the door. When the visitor found himself standing in what might be described as a vestibule, since it opened by an arch on to a sitting-room on his left, while a double French window opened on his right upon a roof balcony formed above a low wing of the hotel, for this and other rooms to give on to. Besides this there was another door facing that by which he had entered, and which, we can observe in passing, opened into a bedroom.

But on a thought striking him he paused, turned, and went back to Dr. Stirling, who was standing against the window where we just saw Maud, and where, as one has just seen, one was not visible to one entering the room.

continued the wife, with what one may call that logical inconsequence of the feminine mind; which, by emphasising their own point, seems to think it lays the objections raised to it. Then after pausing reverently she rose up resolutely as one absolved, and said again, this time with a ring in her voice like one who proclaims a stage on a journey irrevocably finished, and another consequently began, "Dead!"

Lest it be supposed that we are unduly harsh, we quote two or three items from the pretentious introduction, in which the author discourses with a publisher, an actor, and an actor-manager, who "mostly" (as Mr. Ballynn would say) listen to his rounded periods patiently:—

For, with the public in relation to art, as to everything else good, you must first be in a position to bully them into accepting it, to learn them so to taste, and know what is best.

And we particularly notice in play-writing the exits and entrances of the characters have to be alluded to and accounted for in a different way to in life.

My new literary form will provide the crying want in art and commerce for an alternative fictional medium to the novel.

Decidedly one of the things the theatre requires most is to tumble actors down from their pedestal and put them and their art in the right perspective.

Alas! Decidedly one of the things Mr. Ballynn "requires most" is a course of study in English composition. Here and there occurs a wise remark, but it is whelmed in such a flood of slipshod writing that its value is severely discounted. "Different to" and "mostly" we find on page after page; "to narrowly studying," "to practically accomplish," "to justly note," "to perfectly speak," "to more clearly recall," "to trustfully idealise," "to just peep forth," are a few more examples of the split verbs which decorate these distressing pages. The pathetic humour of it all is accentuated by a fragment of Greek, which prefaces the introduction! In this "new literary form" the actor "will have in his hands for study, for the first time in the history of all literatures and of the whole world, a play that is a complete work of literary art." We fear not, if Mr. Ballynn writes it. Other comments which suggest themselves we had better leave unwritten. It is all rather sad, rather depressing, and extremely wearisome.

"CHARLES MONSIEUR"

Charles de Bourbon. High Constable of France, "The Great Condottiere." By CHRISTOPHER HARE. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE story of the rivalry between François I. of France and Charles de Montpensier, its growth, climax, and tremendous consequences, forms one of the most fascinating chapters in European history. At the height of

his period of favour, "Charles Monsieur," as he was formerly called, head of the House of Bourbon, reigned and held court like a sovereign, possessing more land and greater honour than many kings. His castle at Moulins was the centre for festivities, ceremonies, tournaments, hunting parties, on a scale of magnificence more than royal; from there he levied taxes to maintain his expansive domains, chose his representatives at the tribunals of justice, and could, if necessary, raise an army. His people loved him, for he carried on the truest traditions of nobility and noble life, distributing his rewards judiciously, and preserving, amid all the distractions of popularity and the temptations of luxury, a dignity and charm which won all hearts.

It is not a matter for wonder that a man so powerful and energetic, who by direct descent was so nearly a successor to the throne, should incur the jealousy of a monarch of suspicious mind and petty character, such as François I. showed himself in a hundred ways to be. The Duc de Bourbon, a born soldier and commander of men, served the King faithfully, and not until neglect and ignominy threatened to culminate in the disgrace of the scaffold did his resentment declare itself openly. Patiently he endured slight after slight. Perhaps the most intolerable humiliation that so brave a man, first subject of the realm, could suffer came when the King, who had commanded him to raise from his own estates six thousand foot-soldiers and three hundred men-at-arms, refused him the command of the advance-guard in Picardy—an act which probably cost France dearly. The Duc never forgot this, although at the time he uttered no remonstrance against the affront; he obeyed, and nursed a rebellion that in 1523, two years afterwards, broke out into definite defiance. "It is at this point of his career," says Mr. Hare, "that we should pause before we pass judgment upon Charles de Bourbon." Brantôme, the biographer, pertinently asks: "What could Monsieur de Bourbon have done if he had not acted as he did?" and the sufficient answer is, "He would have been taken prisoner, tried, and had his head cut off, like the Constable de Saint-Pôl, and have been dishonoured for ever, he and his race." It was not treason or the act of a traitor in the modern acceptation of the words, for France at that time resembled rather a collection of small kingdoms than a single compact realm.

He escaped, after many adventures, disguised as a servant (for François I. had promised 10,000 golden crowns to whoever delivered him up), to the comparative security of Ste. Claude, in Burgundy, and it is difficult to know which is the more meet subject for pity, the Duc, shorn of his glory, baffled in his ambitions, exiled and hunted, or poor worried François I., whose pleasant land was in peril from several quarters. Henry VIII. had landed 16,000 men at Calais; the Netherlands were assisting him; and 10,000 Germans waited their chance on the eastern frontier; southward danger loomed from the Spaniards, who were crossing the Pyrenees with designs on Bayonne; Italy threatened to invade Provence. Little came, however, of all this, and Charles de Bourbon was destined to be the most formidable enemy that François I. suffered. The story of the Italian campaign, reaching its climax, as far as the hero of this excellent historical narrative is concerned, in the terrible sack of Rome in May, 1527, is told by the author in restrained and effective language. As an example of his style we may quote from the concluding pages the account of the death of the man who might have altered the course of history:

We see the Duc de Bourbon riding forth at the head of his troops—a splendid figure in full armour, with plumed helmet, and a surcoat of cloth of silver worn outside his cuirass; a mark for every foe, but, above all, a shining light to guide and lead his soldiers from afar. Erect, stern of mien, and alert in every movement with proud confidence, he was followed with enthusiasm alike by captains and men. He gave the order of attack, and the firing began between the Spanish arquebusiers and those of the Pope who defended the ramparts. The artillery from the Castle Sant'

Angelo joined in and kept up such a sustained fire that the besiegers were somewhat driven back. With the rising sun a thick mist was drawn up from the plain, and this gave an opportunity for the Imperial troops to approach the walls for an assault.

The Due de Bourbon set the example to his men; he sprang from his horse, seized a ladder, and, beckoning the Spaniards to follow him, he advanced boldly to the western wall of the Borgo, between the Porta Torriana and the Porta Santo-Spirito. He had scarcely begun to scale the wall before he was struck in the right groin by the shot from an arquebus, which went through his body, and he fell, mortally wounded.

So died the man who at the age of eighteen was in command of a thousand soldiers in the war against Venice, and who at the age of twenty-nine was entertaining the King of France with most magnificent and costly amusements at one of his several palaces. Mr. Hare has traced his career in his well-known capable and scholarly manner, emphasising it and amplifying it by a delineation of the period which shows indefatigable research and patient study. Upon the many subordinate passages of the book we have not space to enlarge. There is a most interesting account of the famous Chevalier Bayard, the good knight "without fear and without reproach"; and the disaster of Pavia, where Charles de Bourbon achieved the unparalleled stroke of capturing François I., his former monarch (a veritable turn of Fortune's wheel), is described in a masterly manner. Few authors who devote their attention to historical matters can place themselves so thoroughly *en rapport* with distant times, we imagine, as does Mr. Hare, and we must congratulate him on the result of his labours. The illustrations, chiefly reproductions by photogravure of old pictures, add not a little to the general charm of the volume.

THE CORNISH RIVIERA

The Cornwall Coast. By ARTHUR L. SALMON. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

The splendid coast of Cornwall is one of the places where, as Mr. A. L. Salmon truly observes, we may find "direct personal contact with nature, face to face, and not merely as seen through the glass windows of huge pavilions, or from the seats of fashion-haunted promenades."

On the coast of Cornwall we thankfully escape from the terrible fun of the modernised sands—from the pierrots and comic singers, the theatres and switch-backs of the piers, and from the misguided zealots who conduct unseasonable services for holiday children, snatched from the vain worldliness of spade and bucket.

To exchange Margate or Blackpool for Boscastle or Trevose Head is to pass from the sordid things of time to a vision of the eternal, where—

"For ever and for ever
The changeless oceans roar,
And dash their thundering surges down
Upon the sounding shore. . . ."

So Cornwall is not for the ordinary tripper. It is fortunately "far from the madding crowd," with its ignoble amusements. Here one may stand high on the glorious cliffs of its iron-bound coasts and yet be wet through with vast clouds of spray from huge mountain waves, storm-driven from the great Atlantic; while if the yellow sun is sinking in the West, it is possible sometimes to see the splendid and unusual phenomenon of a double circular rainbow—one complete circle enclosing another in the spray-mists. Here, in this land of mystic romance, Tennyson found inspiration for his "Morte d'Arthur" and "Idylls of the King." "I hear," he said in 1848, "that there are larger waves there than on any other part of the British coast, and I must go thither and be alone with God." Here, in the country of Damelioe, Dundagel, and Dozmare, and by the vanished land of Lyonesse, "Rumours of bygone peoples float around us—of Saxon and Celt, and of

earlier people still; the legends that they fostered are repeated to us, the footsteps of old saints may be traced, together with secular records of pirate and smuggler. There are memories of glorious and gracious personages, as well as of those whose villainy at least was picturesque; there are sad memorials of shipwreck, death, and heart-break."

Thus Mr. Salmon at the close of his delightful book, in which he writes with loving pen the varied story of England's finest coasts, of quaint little towns and charming, sequestered fishing villages; of mythical heroes, or of men famous in history, artists, sailors, poets, rugged persons of original character, like Hawker of Morwenstow, or local squires, as unconventional as one who had his grave dug, and, stepping down into it, swore, that he might show the sexton a novelty. The author does not overweight his work with archaeology; yet throughout there runs a rich vein of local lore, ecclesiastical, historical, and legendary. Many quaint stories and superstitions are recounted, but we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise that such legends are not always allowed to speak for themselves without the addition of unnecessary commonplace remarks, which are not of the nature of scholarly criticism, on their untruth or absurdity. A book of folk-lore, for example, edited with the like notes, would be uncritical and grotesque. Naturally, descriptions of scenery abound, but they are never laboured, nor written for mere artificial effect. So we glide along very happily and feel quite at home with the writer, who introduces us, as it were, to lovely places in easy, happy style. Many of them, it may be, we, too, know well already, but it is good to recall past memories in these pleasant pages.

It is hardly necessary to say that this book will not appeal to the ordinary superficial tourist. It is in no sense a mere guide book; yet it will perfume guide those who understand—*devāvara cūvāra*, as Pindar hath it—to the places and things they want to know. The Cornwall coast is the place for those who will gladly leave the motor road and go afoot, or, if they can, on horseback, in delightful old-time fashion, as two Oxford undergraduates, whom we met only a few years ago making down the coast, over field and dune or on high cliff-top, from Hartland to Port Isaac, and thence by Padstow and Bedruthan Steps to Newquay and Crantock. All lovers of the grand coasts of Cornwall will delight in Mr. A. L. Salmon's book. Cornish people should welcome the work of one who writes in such kindly manner of them and of the Duchy, of their ways and customs, even though he may once or twice touch on certain failings, not the least of which is their curious aloofness and self-centred suspicion, lasting often for years, for the foreigner from England who may come to settle down in their midst. But there is a most hearty welcome and every civility and attention for the traveller who comes with a well-lined purse, who spends his money, and is wise enough to go home again to his own country. Yet with time provincial and local prejudice must pass away.

It seems a pity that this book is not better illustrated. With a few exceptions, the photographs are rather indifferent, considering what good coast pictures it is quite possible to obtain. Why are the fine coast scenes by Bude and the unique harbour of Boscastle omitted? But even the best photographs give only a far-away impression of the magnificence, and none at all of the splendid colouring, of the seas and cliffs of Cornwall.

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Charge Delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Ely.
By FREDERICK HENRY CHASE, D.D., Bishop. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. net.)

This charge may be divided into two parts (the writer's own sub-divisions amount to fifteen)—Part I.: Instructions and Exhortations to the Clergy. Part II.: The author's personal opinion on controversial matters, wherein he differs from many of his clergy. The average reader is not

specially concerned with the exhortations, nor with the instructions, except where they touch the actions and practice of lay members of the Church. The Bishop's opinions are interesting in this way: sixty years ago much that he says would have been regarded as dangerous, advanced, and "savouring of Rome," while to-day, parts of this charge will appear to many as somewhat "Protestant." Such is the irony of time unobserved by those who are lost to a sense of humour. The Bishop of Ely is pursued by a phantom terror of his fellow Christians, the Roman Catholics, yet there can be little doubt that the promulgation of some of his views, say in the fifties, would have aroused a storm, and caused him to be reckoned among "Romanizers" and Puseyites. We offer two or three examples. Daily and Saints' Day services were then considered thoroughly Popish: these services are now enjoined. The reading of the Prayer for the Church Militant was Nehushtan: the suggestion that private prayers might be offered for the departed would have been a nerve-shock only equalled by the further suggestion that confirmation candidates may make a private confession to a priest. On the other hand, the Bishop of Ely, as a good Protestant, has a mysterious fear of incense, which so far from being exclusively Roman, is probably the most scriptural of all ceremonies, being constantly mentioned and ordered in the Bible, and certainly used unrebuked in the Temple in the time of Christ. The Bishop "strongly deprecates" the presence of children at the Holy Communion service, although their attendance is clearly ordered by the address in the Baptismal Office to God-parents: "Ye shall call upon them to hear sermons." The only provision in the Prayer Book for a sermon is at the service of the Holy Communion. Baptised children are designated *catechumens*, whereas in the early Church *catechumens* invariably meant the unbaptised, who, because they were unbaptised, were excluded. This use of *catechumen* is an unfair perversion of history, we fear somewhat partisan, to maintain a private personal opinion. For at the same time, it is grudgingly admitted (p. 41) that "no direction is given in the Prayer Book that at any point in the service all except communicants shall retire from the church." The XVIIIth Canon (not quoted) of the Church of England (A.D. 1603) orders that "none, either man, woman, or child, shall depart out of the church during the time of service or sermon without some reasonable cause," and the XCth Canon orders churchwardens to see parishioners continue in church "the whole time of Divine Service." And, certainly, the Holy Communion is above all others the Divine Service. But these laws of the Church are evaded. It is interesting to notice that the Bishop tells the clergy that he has no power to dispense them from their legal obligation to use the Athanasian Creed. This we thoroughly regret. At the same time he is strongly in favour of revision of the Prayer Book. Apart from controversial topics, which we think might well have been omitted, there is a spiritual earnestness underlying the Bishop's exhortations, which augurs sympathy with the people, even with those whose definitions may appear somewhat divergent, or their interpretations a trifle incongruous.

Before the Foundations; or, Christianity—the Religion of all the Worlds. (Skeffington and Son. 5s. net.)

THE anonymous author of this mystical work pleads for what he terms the cosmical extension of Christianity; in other words, that the religion of Christ and His mission is for the inhabitants of any of the hundreds of thousands of stars of the universe. That may be. But all that could be said about so highly speculative a theory might well be compressed into a few pages. Is it possible to consider as a serious contribution to scholarship a book in which the writer thinks it worth while to say that when communication is once established between the earth and the people of Mars "may we not expect to find that Advent and Easter are their chiefest celebrations"? The language

difficulty is admitted, but airily disposed of, seeing that in the Bible messages from Heaven were always delivered to the recipient in the correct language he understood. But after all, we are told, "when examined, the language difficulty appears to be nothing more than an earth-born illusion due to the pervading sense of our own limitations." We are not, however, told the nature of this philological investigation, nor the method of dispelling this inconvenient "earth-born illusion." The main part of this book is simply a sort of Biblical and theological thesis, and although the author (in the preface) "desires to stand aside from the accumulated complexity of creeds," we cannot congratulate him on any measure of success. We have seldom read a more dogmatic work, one from which it would easily be possible to construct a creed which would satisfy the most orthodox Christian. But this imaginary avoidance of creeds is a modern shibboleth, as when the County Council, in dread of dogma, disallows the Creed in schools, but permits the Bible—the most dogmatic collection of books known to the world. And though the author disclaims dogmatism, his strong faith, of which he has no need to be ashamed, causes his complete acceptance of (the description is his own) "that strange compendium of writings known as the Old and New Testaments." As a work of faith this book has an appeal of its own apart from critical scholarship, although it may contain little that is new or original beyond hypothetical and, we are bound to add, rather verbose speculative theology.

Old Continental Towns. By WALTER M. GALICHAN. (Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

MR. GALICHAN'S book is a readable résumé of the history and points of interest of some of the more important towns in Italy, Spain, Belgium, and Germany. The chief appeal of any old Continental town is to him its human associations, and we hear a great deal of the poets who have lived in these centres. The book suffers from a lack of historical perspective. A caretaker who shows visitors round the rooms of a "show place" is sometimes heard to class every object—whether a mummy case or a mid-Victorian library table—as "very hold, very hold indeed," and this is Mr. Galichan's method when he describes some Etruscan tombs between Perugia and Assisi as "a family cemetery of great antiquity." To those familiar with the aspect of Florence, the statement that "the streets have not greatly changed in aspect since Dante's day" will come as a surprise, considering that Dante died in 1321. On what authority does Mr. Galichan make Boccaccio (who was born in 1313) the "close friend of Dante"? The book has no pretensions to style; indeed, some passages read like extracts from the invaluable Baedeker, and when Mr. Galichan deserts this simple note-book brevity we have rather absurd "rhetorical questions," such as "Shall we not see, leaning from one of the old balconies, the lovely Juliet?" "Do Romeo, Mercutio, and Benvolio no longer roam these twisted ancient streets?" Bruneschi (p. 51), Torcello (51), Campoformio (40), Portinacula (26) are irritating misprints.

The London Citizen's Year-Book, 1910. (George Allen and Sons. 2s. net.)

GREAT privileges were accorded to citizens in the time of St. Paul, but we are inclined to the opinion that the rank and file of the Roman people were never able to enjoy the benefits vouchsafed to every dweller in our own metropolis, or to have brought within their reach a book similar to the one presented to us by the editor of the "London Citizen's Year-Book." Many of the "important questions which trouble the legislator and the local administrator" are adequately dealt with, whilst not less than thirty-two pages are devoted to the Finance of London. We are given particulars of the Imperial Taxation, the Rate and Debt

Account, the L.C.C. Total Debt—and in fact no details relating to money matters are omitted. We may note in passing that all the tabulated forms show a steady increase in the amount levied, whether the rate be for education, the police or the poor. As citizens of no mean city, we suppose that it is not meet for us to object to the steady growth of taxation; but at all events it would certainly somewhat relieve the monotony of things if, in the next issue of the Year-Book, a reversed state of affairs could be shown. The volume closes with fifteen portraits of prominent London Citizens, including the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Walter Long and Mr. John Burns.

Some Old Masters. By JOHN NEVILL. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)

This little book is most excellently illustrated with reproductions of the pictures of such artists as John Constable, Van Dyck, Watteau, Cuyp, Millet, Gainsborough, etc., from photographs which Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl has kindly placed at the author's disposal, with explanatory letterpress condensing the characteristic features of the various artists. The book is so small that it will go into a coat pocket or a lady's small bag. It would be a most valuable aid to anyone who contemplated purchasing a possible old master, and who was not very well aware of the distinctive features which would enable him to decide to what artist it should be attributed; in fact, many a bad bargain may be avoided by the investment of a shilling in this little volume, which it would also be a joy to possess.

The Buckle-my-shoe Picture-book. With the Original Coloured Pictures, and a Preface and New Designs by WALTER CRANE. (John Lane. 4s. 6d.)

THIS is one of the most charming children's books, illustrated in colours for the most part, which we have seen for a long time. It is beautifully got up, as we should expect, being issued by Mr. John Lane. When we add that Walter Crane is at his best, it will be readily understood that the children are most excellently catered for. The stories which the pictures illustrate are pretty and prettily told. The child would indeed be hard to please who would not prize as a gift this most charmingly artistic book.

FICTION

THREE HEROES.

The Lantern Bearers. By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

Bellcroft Priory. By W. BOURNE COOKE. (John Lane. 6s.)

The Dean's Daughter. By CECIL ADAIR. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

THE first is Romeo transformed into an Oxford man who, having hurt his foot one week at football, goes gaily out to a tennis party a short week afterwards. This paradoxical person makes his bow in Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's new novel entitled "The Lantern Bearers." But he is quite charming, young, and, in spite of it, or perhaps because of it, earnest, and his name is Clive Ashley. Like Romeo, he falls in love at first sight and refuses to recognise the feud between his and his Juliet's father, and sees the lady home in a four-wheeler. Miss Capulet, or rather Miss Helga Byrne, does not find out that he is the son of the hated enemy until she has discovered how nice he is and how much she would like to see him again. The earnest Oxford man, who, having left the University, is debating at leisure and with a large amount of spare cash whether he shall read for the Bar or enter his very rich, but somewhat shady father's business, cares little that she

is anathema to his house or that she is so poor as to have to hang out their washing in the backyard of their villa in Surbiton. He moves Heaven and earth to see her face again, and within three meetings declares his passion. Juliet is torn between her love and duty. Her heart tells her to fall upon his waiting bosom—her duty orders her to say him nay. And—a woman's a woman for a' that—duty goes by the board. Romeo, whose Oxford training stands him in good stead, sends her flowers and notes addressed to another name "to be called for." Juliet calls for them. Then Clive, sure of Helga's love, lights a pipe and considers ways and means. Although his father is rich he hasn't a penny, and the uselessness, under the circumstances, of asking for one so that he may marry is patent. The idea of the Bar fades away, therefore, and he determines on working like a horse in his father's business. This he does on an apprentice's salary for a year, when he has to go to France. Before going he sees Helga, who is a romantic, poetic girl, although condemned to the sordid side of life, and persuades her to marry him. She marries him at a registry office. There is then a renewal of hostilities between the fathers. Hers knocks his down and nearly kills him. In consequence, already a broken man, he leaves his humble clerkship which alone has kept the wolf from the door.

Clive goes to France, and Helga, to save her parents from actual starvation, goes out as a parlourmaid, where she suffers indignities both from her fellow-servants and her mistresses, until Clive returns a year later. It happens conceivably enough that Helga is parlourmaid to friends of Clive, and on his return he is among a party at dinner in the house. He recognises her and draws her sobbing form to the safety of his strong-arms, where she is seen by the horrified mistress. There follows an angry interview with the father who is gradually won round, and together the two go and fetch the girl away from her servility. Clive's father apologises to Helga's, the feud is patched up and happiness reigns supreme. Such is "The Lantern Bearers" in skeleton. The flesh and sinews of the book are excellently supplied. The character of Conrad Hille, son of a German senator who is a relation of Helga's mother, is drawn with the pen of one who has known him. He typifies the young German. Helga's hard-working, uncomplaining, plucky little mother is almost inhuman—she is so angelic. The other characters are all interesting and living human beings.

"BELLCROFT PRIORY."

The book in which our second hero appears is "Bellcroft Priory," by Mr. W. Bourne Cooke. The hero this time is, however, a villain, a small, undersized, weedy, blue-chinned, dapper eighteenth century villain with a Machiavellian brain. On page four he commits a foul but cunning murder in the haunted ruins of Bellcroft Priory, and his crime is not discovered until about page three hundred and forty-four, by which time he has committed another. A few pages after he is foiled in an attempt to commit a third, but revenges himself by burning down to the ground the house of the lady of the manor. Dark intrigue, midnight excursions, winds rustling uneasily in the moon-lit ruins, owls hooting, all these follow the footsteps of the hero-villain who dies a horrible death by burning, being thrown into the fierce fire of the house by his pet gorilla which he has systematically ill-treated. To prevent one becoming afraid to put out the candle if we are indulging in the habit of reading in bed, the book is brightened by a jovial, swearing, good-hearted, honest doctor who is also a magistrate, two vastly entertaining cripples who represent respectively the Army and the Navy, the lady of the manor, whose fair name is threatened by the weedy villain, and a large, charming, sensible person who is the doctor's greatest friend. All these characters stand out so that we like or loathe them as we are meant to do. The hero reminded us of a spider as he sat in his haunted house and laid out his schemes with smiles and rubbings of hands and meshed each poor fly in his web. We waited keenly and anxiously for Nemesis to lay him

by the heels, and when at last he crashed with a shriek into the flames we sighed with relief and vowed that it served him right. The chapter in which he is found out and faced with the list of his evil deeds is very dramatically written, but the description of his death at the fire seemed unreal and unnatural. It was dragged out to too great a length and seemed to us an unnecessary repetition of the story which we already knew. "Bellcroft Priory" is altogether very readable, and the plot unfolds itself step by step in a most exciting manner.

"THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER."

Heroes are always bold rash mortals who do foolish things with an amazing heedlessness. The claim of hero, therefore, in the third book may be equally divided between the writer, Cecil Adair, and the publisher, Stanley Paul. Whether the author's name ought to be prefixed with Mr., Mrs., or Miss, it is impossible to say, but for several reasons we are inclined to think that the author is a girl; first on account of the moral optimism in which the pages of the book are steeped—an optimism which only a very young person who knows nothing of life could have retained—secondly, because of the mawkish, sickly, sentimental way in which the book is written; and thirdly, to particularise, because the slang as spoken by the male characters has never yet been said in just that way by any living man. "The Dean's Daughter"—such is the title—is a book which one has to force oneself to read. It is dotted on every page with much novelette expressions as "eyes shooting baleful fires." Whenever any of the characters, whether men or women, meet, even though they may have been in intimate conversation an hour before, they run towards each other with both hands outstretched and call each other by endearing names *ad nauseam*. Of course, the moral idea of the book is such as all pious and good people will agree with, but the atmosphere of righteousness and fervour is overdone, pharisaic. We came to the conclusion that Miss Adair was a tyro, and the impression grew stronger as we read on. On the last page we saw that she was the author of another book, but we are not going to get it, even from our library. In justice to Miss Adair, however, it must be said that in perhaps two chapters throughout the book she has written a charming scene with bright dialogue and none of the penny novelettisms that abound in the rest of the chapters. But to find these two scenes is far more exasperating than to hunt for the proverbial needle in the bundle of straw, and we laid down "The Dean's Daughter" with a sigh of relief at having got through it. It must be placed high up in the long list of superfluous books.

My Brother the King. By EDWARD H. COOPER. (John Lane. 6s.)

"For what class of readers can this book be intended?" is the question that arises in the reviewer's mind as he turns the last page. The plot and characters (where they are at all human) are so extravagantly impossible and, worse still, improbable, that we cannot avoid thinking the tale must be intended for boys and girls. On the other hand, the soberly beautiful get-up of the volume, the excellent taste of which is a credit to the publisher, seems to betoken that this is destined for the mental nourishment and pleasure of grown-up persons. In either case there is a dilemma. If intended for adults, the story could only appeal to the uneducated, those who have never travelled and know no foreign languages or literature. The prejudices displayed are those one expects to meet with in the vulgar music-hall "patriotic" song. If, on the other hand, intended for youthful minds, the story is deplorable and harmful, as pandering to such rank prejudices. Surely, everybody who knows anything about Russia and the Russians is aware that for sheer good humour, good-nature, and kindness, there is hardly a nation on the face of the globe that can compete with them. But in this instance, among the chief "characters," there is only one Russian man represented who is not a callously, blood-

thirstily inhuman brute of the worst wild-beast type. There is a Russian woman, who is, of course, of sinister aspect, who, of course, does contemptible, underhand things, and is, of course, a spy. There are three Russian sailors, who ship on an English yacht, and are, of course, also spies, and doubtless capable of any kind of villainy. Contrasted with such "characters," we are favoured naturally with sublimely virtuous, invincibly loyal, unspeakably courageous, supernaturally "brainy" Britishers (and a couple of Americans incidentally), who have only to open their mouths to make the wretched, blustering foreigners turn white and almost fall on their knees for mercy. Such stuff is contemptible, stupid, and harmful to our national mind. It makes an educated man wonder if he is not living one or two hundred years ago.

813. By MAURICE LEBLANC. Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

In his latest book, "813," M. Maurice Leblanc has more than sustained the reputation he acquired by his former works. Arsène Lupin reappears after four years' absence, which he has spent in the double rôle of a Russian prince and chief of the French detective force. We will not criticise the feasibility of these impersonifications, as in the whole of the story the flights of M. Leblanc's fantasy carry him far from the world of possibility into the realms of undiluted imagination. But his flights are sustained by his astonishing faculty of invention, and the story never descends to the banal. In "813" the author displays remarkable ingenuity, and the action of the story is developed with singular audacity and clearness. We are dazzled by the wealth of incident and by the ever-spreading ramifications of the plot, but never confused. M. Leblanc has carried the spirit of logical reasoning with him into his world of fantasy. At the beginning of the book Arsène Lupin is still the same brilliant, well-bred, and charming criminal that we knew before. But at the end he is embittered by the crumbling of his castle of ambition, and horrified by the discovery that the vile, blood-loving, reptile-like criminal that he is pursuing is the beautiful Dolores Kesselbach, whom he loves. The scene where he surprises her in the act of attempting to kill him, and, sooner than allow her to continue her life of blood, throttles her with his own hands, is intensely dramatic. This last discovery completely disillusioned Lupin, and he decides to take the journey into that unknown land from which only heroes in detective stories return. In an "envoi," however, he turns up again, and we leave him on the point of enlisting in the Foreign Legion to seek death in the Morocco campaign. There are the usual accompanying figures of an imbecile police magistrate and incompetent detectives. Gourel, the chief detective, has preserved a primitive and child-like simplicity in the midst of all the crime of Paris which is really touching. We are not surprised that he pays for this pleasing trait with his life. As the members of the detective force are invariably overcome by a blow in the solar plexus from escaping criminals, it is surprising that no one has thought of providing them with padded waistcoats. Great praise is due to Mr. Teixeira de Mattos for his admirable translation, which he has succeeded in impregnating with all the spirit of the original.

A Village Community. By HOPE DAWLISH. (George Allen and Sons. 6s.)

It is not quietude alone that gives to country life its peculiar charm. There is a natural background to it which entirely distinguishes it from the artificial atmosphere of city or town life. Human nature may be, as far as rural forms go, very simple or primitive, but it is none the less very important, seeing that it constitutes the grand framework to national character. Thus, quite apart from the quiet pleasure which it affords to the reader, Mr. Hope

Dawlish's work is to be commended for its usefulness in suggesting the dangers of country radicalism or change. Benjamin Parsnet, whose history it records, is a village politician who has been moved, through his intercourse with town life, to decry the conserving nature of village life, and in this wise is a false prophet—a crank economist. He does not understand the economic limits which are formed in the person of the squire, nor the moral limits which are formed in the person of the rector; so, like his fellow-agitator of the town, he seeks to substitute his own artificial forms for the purer national ones. As a matter for congratulation, he fails, and it is the very form of his failure which should act as a lesson to those similar minded cranks who, through some unhappy weakness on the part of the nation, have leapt into power. There are, of course, many other interesting and prominent characters, and those who are already acquainted with Mr. Hope Dawlish's love story of Henry Dale, written some years ago, will find further pleasure in the sequel which is given in the present work.

THE THEATRE

"A WOMAN'S WAY."

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN and his managers have proved again and again that although their capital is large, their industry amazing, their optimism quite remarkable, their self-complacence without parallel, they are utterly and absolutely devoid of even the very rudiments of humour. Whether the constant reiteration of this accusation has at last stung them to an effort we do not know. In their announcements of "A Woman's Way," a play which was produced recently at the Comedy Theatre by them, they evidently put their heads together and devised a curious sort of joke for the purpose, apparently, of teasing the critics, with whom they have every reason to be much out of temper. Knowing the antipathy of the very third-rate journalists who write theatre notices in the daily papers against American-made plays, they gave out a statement to the effect that "A Woman's Way" was written by an American author named "Thompson Buchanan." They themselves were very pleased with this play, and, believing that the critics would come to it in an antagonistic frame of mind, desired to spring upon them, in order to win something like enthusiasm, what was an English-made play by an expert dramatist, who hid behind the pseudonym of "Thompson Buchanan." It would be very interesting to know who this dramatist is. He is evidently a master of dialogue. There was not a line in the play which was not neat and well turned, and there were many lines which were witty, amusing, and unexpected. The characterisation, too, was entirely English, and all the parts were clearly defined types of English people. The scenes were laid in a house in Green Street, Grosvenor Square. For all that, the critics, as they call themselves, fell into the trap which was laid for them, although the dialogue, the characterisation, and the scenes were insular, and dealt with the play as though it were the work of an American writer. The Frohman management, therefore, must have smiled when reading the mostly illiterate and quite foolish notices in question.

We were present in the theatre on the first night. The audience was immensely taken with the play and laughed continuously throughout the evening, and stayed in the house for a quarter of an hour after the fall of the final curtain applauding enthusiastically and calling for the author, who did not, of course, appear. Many of the critics had left before the curtain fell, as they usually do, so that they could only guess how the play ended, and how it was received. It becomes more and more amazing to the person who takes an interest in the stage that theatre managers do not combine to keep the critics out of their theatres, or insist that editors shall send unprejudiced persons of some intelligence to review their productions. We were particularly careful to read what they wrote about this play, and were astonished at the inaccuracy of their verdict.

We do not for one moment wish to suggest that "A Woman's Way" is a masterpiece, or that it is a comedy, as it is described on the programme. It is a farce. Not a knockabout farce depending on mechanism for its effects, but a farce of dialogue, characterisation, and situation, an intelligent farce which falls under the same category, though very much lower in the list, as "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Alan Waldron, grandson of Lord Waldron, is a young man only a few years down from Oxford, who came into a good deal too much money long before he was old enough to understand its value. Something of a sportsman, he played golf, motored, and was more than a little attracted by aviation. He fell in love with the pretty, plucky, and shrewd daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Dundas, with whom he eloped. Elopement was apparently unnecessary, but he and Effie Dundas were young enough to be unashamed of romantic tendencies. The honeymoon was interrupted by a motor accident, brought about by the boy's having leaned towards his child-wife to kiss her. All these things happened before we find these two, having been married some years, in the middle of what is a most unpleasant scandal. Having gone his way and fallen into a set in which the peculiar lady of the chorus and the attractive but somewhat elastically minded person who passes for a widow have places, Alan has not been playing the game by Effie, who, left alone, has gone into society with her mother. We find him on the rise of curtain with a bandaged arm. He has had a second motor spill. Ubiquitous reporters, attached to the papers which are represented by our dramatic critics, have discovered that the lady in the car was not his wife, and, urged on by their editors to provide what is technically called a "scoop" and a "story," they have turned themselves into amateur detectives in exact imitation of the American journalists whose methods shock them so much, in order to work up a perfectly private matter into a sensational society affair for the edification of their lower-middle class clientèle. With American cigarettes behind their ears these glorified Board School boys have stationed themselves outside the house in Green Street with cameras and note-books, and as it is their business and their daily bread to provide their news editors with copy, the different editions of their—we had almost said—never mind! newspapers we will say—contain more and more sensational "facts" as to the motor accident. The dramatist exaggerated very slightly when he made the first edition of the *Comet*, the *Spark*, and the *Wire* to alter their first headlines from "Accident to Peer's Grandson" to "Society Scandal," and again to "Impending Divorce Case," in the course of a few hours.

The telephone rings continually, and the scandalised and exasperated butler is in constant attendance. The family solicitor, who is also Alan's brother-in-law, hurries to the scene of action appalled at the latest escapade of the boy whose short history gleams with great indiscretions. In the middle of a very amusing scene the card of the representative of the Press Supply Association is brought up, and Frederick Rowley, the typical fatuous solicitor, agrees to see him. At this point he knows only that Alan was coming from Maidenhead on the Bath Road with an unnamed lady, and that the relationship between Alan and Effie is strained to breaking point. He sees the man Blennerhasset, who turns out to be a journalist of the new school, who has in his time edited the *Isis*, and so, with every justification, holds the ordinary Fleet Street reporter in contempt. The scene that followed was good satire. Blennerhasset, who knows nothing, but is determined to know everything, does not believe Rowley's assurances as to the absence of Alan Waldron on the Continent and the absurdity of an impending divorce. With a perfectly polite smile Blennerhasset leaves the room. Alan comes back. Blennerhasset returns. Rowley goes "tck-tck-tck." There follows a scene in which Blennerhasset puts leading questions to Alan, is finally ordered out of the house by the irate boy, but refuses to go until he has been permitted to see Mrs. Alan Waldron. Rowley would gladly consent to such a meeting, but that Mrs. Alan Waldron left for Scot-

land twenty-four hours ago. Enter Mrs. Alan Waldron. Again Rowley goes "tck-tck-tck," and Alan is speechless. There is a gleam of triumph in the eyes of the man Blennerhasset. Charmingly cool, deliciously pretty, and apparently at peace with the world, Effie joins this curious group, is introduced to Blennerhasset, and is anxious to give him all the information he desires. When the word divorce is reluctantly mentioned by the bland person from Fleet Street, Effie laughs gaily and announces the fact that she herself was the woman in the car. Triumph of Rowley and Alan; incredulity of Blennerhasset. Lying through his teeth, this person congratulates Mrs. Alan Waldron upon her quick recovery. The lady in the car broke her leg. Good morning. Exit Blennerhasset amidst a horrible silence. The solicitor, with unexpected tact, leaves husband and wife together, and in a really clever scene it is shown that, although Effie is only too well aware of Alan's peccadilloes, she loves him, and is determined to keep him. Effie's outraged brother arrives. He is followed by all the close members of both families, equally outraged and divided against each other. Still as cool as a cucumber, the delightful young wife tactfully but definitely explains that she does not mean to have any interference in her matrimonial affairs, insists on everyone staying to lunch, and retains Alan for a few quick words as the antagonistic members of the two families file out of the room. She insists on knowing the name of the lady in the car, which is given to her as Mrs. Verney. A look of astonishment crosses her face. Mrs. Verney is the name of a beautiful widow with whom her brother had an adventure at Bexhill-on-Sea, and from whom Effie herself rescued him. She wishes to know if Alan loves her. Alan is not sure. She then announces her intention of asking Mrs. Verney to dinner, in order that he may find out, and the curtain falls.

The next two acts are filled with most amusing incidents. The beautiful Mrs. Verney comes to dinner, and Effie discovers, not only that she is called Puss by Alan, who has laboured under the fond belief that he alone among men called her Puss, but that she is known as Puss to Frederick Rowley, to her brother Otho, and to her old friend, Clive Hatton, and that she will shortly be called Puss by her father, Sir Harry Dundas. With the greatest shrewdness and charm she makes it necessary for Rowley and Otho to tell her husband of their former *affaires* with Mrs. Verney, thereby proving to him that he is a fool, and that the one desirable woman on earth is herself. The final curtain descends, as most final curtains should descend, on a husband and wife who are going to live happily ever after. It is as impossible as it would be unkind to tell the hundred and one ingenious and amusing incidents with which the play is stocked. Suffice it to say that it provides a very amusing entertainment. The incidents in themselves would not have brought the evening to a successful termination, because many of them have been seen before, notably in "What Every Woman Knows," "Penelope," and "A Sense of Humour." Success was due almost wholly to the dialogue and to the acting.

The chief honours fell to Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who, showing enormous improvement in her work and her appearance, played with a nice sense of comedy and with a very sure touch. From her first entrance she ingratiated herself with the crowded house, and was loudly cheered, as she well deserved to be. Mr. Athol Stewart as the solicitor was admirable in every way. He gave a very well observed sketch of the typical foolish solicitor, pompous, egotistical, and pedantic; and Mr. Frederick Lloyd, who did such good work in the Shaw plays, was exactly right as the bland but eager newspaper man of the new school. Mr. Volpe, as Wilson, the butler, was delicious. Mr. Eric Maturin, Mr. Charles Bryant, and Mr. Charles Quartermaine were well cast, although the last was inclined to overdo the drama. Miss Kate Serjeantson as Lady Dundas, Miss Helen Rous as the Hon. Mrs. Waldron, and Miss Nina Sevening as Norah Dundas were all good. Miss Marguerite Leslie as the beautiful Mrs. Verney looked and

played to the life. The play was produced under the direction of Mr. Dion Boucicault, and this was apparent in more than one of the scenes, which showed the peculiar Boucicault touch. "A Woman's Way" is, without a doubt, the brightest and most amusing play in London, and it should be seen by all playgoers who desire to spend an evening given up to legitimate laughter. But who is "Thompson Buchanan"?

"THE MAN FROM THE SEA."

As play after play is produced, it becomes more and more evident that all managers and some authors still labour under the curious, childlike, and suicidal belief that the British public is an ass. It is quite one of the most amazing, amusing, and painful features—to employ a theatrical term—of this peculiar century. The Gilbertianism of politics which has spread to the Army, the Navy, and the Church, is rampant upon the Stage. We have already dealt with most of the season's theatrical output, and have written conscientiously, and with a most earnest desire to find food for enthusiasm, of French adaptations, American importations, hashed-up editions of old rubbish megaphonically announced and triumphantly commented upon by its illimitable author from the island of the blest, a revival of a spectacular play to which it is something of a shock to see the name of Shakespeare attached and of the one original English play which does the stage credit. The producers of all these things, except the latter, cry out fiercely, doggedly, and pathetically, in the face of failure, that playgoers are those members of the great public who are the least intelligent, the most easily satisfied creatures, with more money than they know what to do with, who will line up in draughty streets for hours or hurry away from cheerful dinners to see any sort of bosh that may be put before them. The astute Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, round whose head there still remains the faint outline of the Court Theatre halo, is the last person, to our way of thinking, who should have produced Mr. William J. Locke's bland and cynical contribution to the stage, in writing which it is all too evident that he said, with one, or even two, of his airy gestures, "The theatre-going public—Oh, my dear fellow! one must not take them seriously. Anything does for them. As much that will make them laugh as possible, something quite obvious that will make them weep, a problem suggested but not grappled with, and a happy ending at all costs."

The result of what we take to be Mr. Locke's argument is "The Man from the Sea." Dazzled by his reputation as a novelist—a well-deserved reputation—the critics, the majority of whom cannot be expected to have read him, trooped to Mr. Locke's first night at the all too large Queen's Theatre, expecting to be provided with a play of which, not intelligent enough to understand, they could write solemnly and portentously, calling it a scholarly and classical contribution to the literary drama. They found a play scrupulously and carefully written down to their so-called intelligence, whose effects were brought about by well-worn, even historic, tricks, such as eavesdropping, the inevitable telegram, the unlikeness sacrifice of the "crystal" truth, and so forth, ad infinitum. To their intense disappointment they understood it all, and chiefly because of this they tore it to shreds, indulged in peans of illiteracy, and advised Mr. Locke to stick to his last and leave the stage alone. Mr. Locke and Mr. Vedrenne, and, incidentally, Mr. Loraine, who produced the play—or, in other words, did his utmost to take away from the actors just that particular individuality for which they had been engaged after great argument and consideration, and make them leave the centre of the stage free for himself—human nature is more human behind the footlights than in front of them—must have felt the morning after production much as Chantecler did when he crowed in vain.

For once there was something of sense in the opinions of the critics, as we must continue, in the face of constant refutation, to call them. Mr. Locke had been told by

theatrical people that playgoers are fools. He believed them. He paid the penalty. He had conceived a dramatic, vital, and most interesting thesis; he had conceived a number of nice characters, and had placed them in an atmosphere that was new and fresh and pleasant and delightfully adapted to kindly satire. He brought a fine human woman, of great beauty and attraction and frailty, who stifled her conscience with the perfectly natural argument that because her husband was a brute she might therefore live with another man as his wife, into the gossipy, tea-party, and Donnish atmosphere of a cathedral close. He made this woman devote some years of her now peaceful and happy life to the questionably good work of the place and become the close and affectionate friend of the little widow of a vicar and minor canon whose knowledge of life was bound in the sacerdotal cloth of the hymn-book cover. He was admired and loved by dean and chapter, choirboy and lay-helper, schoolmistress and verger, townsperson and tradesman. She and her doctor "husband," as she called him, with that perfectly charming self-deception which all really good people practise, had the run of all the houses in the place, and were able even to pop in and out of the deanery itself at all times and seasons—the deanery which stood in that community in much the same way as Government House stands in a Colonial city—the charming deanery, in all of whose delightful rooms the snobbishness of the cathedral hung like cobwebs, and in one of which there was the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. All went monotonously well until one fine afternoon there returned to Durdleham and to the Dean's garden by way of the wall—a garden alight with impossible flowers and dominated by the strangely silent cathedral, which was related both to Ely and Gloucester—the man whose sister had married the Dean, and from that moment the long arm of coincidence played its old familiar havoc with the puppets of Mr. Locke's brain.

Jan Redlander, as he was curiously called, not only had known Daphne, the doctor's "wife," in Sydney, but, having looked to see that the comedy character, comically called Pontifex Pye, so that there might be no mistake about it, was there to listen, asked after her real lawful husband. It would be as unnecessary as painful to say in what order the usual things happened after that. It must be said, however, that the story brought about one of the best two-women scenes that has been put before us for many years. This, like all the other scenes, was badly handicapped by the amazing dialogue, richly composed of hyperbole, simile, precious sentences, and journalese. The main idea of the play, an idea that might have been very valuable and epoch-making in the hands of a Pinero or a Galsworthy—that of the fight between so-called Christianity and Humanity—was sacrificed at the altar of the false belief in the stupidity and sentimentality of the public. The fourth act was comical in the wrong way and an anti-climax. If the play succeeds it will be due entirely to the two ladies, Miss Boucicault and Miss Beryl Faber. The former brought to bear upon her part all her sureness of touch, her neat, precise method, her quietly emotional manner, which made her character live and breathe, while Miss Faber enveloped her more conventionally drawn part with the touch of inspiration which amounts to genius. Daphne, the beautiful distraught woman, unmarried to the man she would have died for, and married to a creature who held a commission in the large army of blackguards and blacklegs, fighting for the happiness that had come as a revelation, a good woman playing, according to orthodoxy, the bad woman, stood before us. Miss Faber was magnificent. Her appeal to the little crystallised Christian in Act II. was so sincere, so dreadfully real and genuine, so womanly, so exquisite, that audiences would have to be blind and deaf not to be profoundly moved. We have always known that Miss Faber ranks among actors with Mr. Gerald Du Maurier for all that she has been relegated to play hard women. If this season is noteworthy for nothing else, it will be remembered as the one in which this quite uncommon actress proved her-

self. Of Mr. Loraine we cannot speak as highly as we should like. According to his lights he played Jan Redlander with all his breeziness, firmness, sincerity, and tenderness, and more than once reminded us of Sir Charles Wyndham in his prime; but he looked so much more like the practical, and practical-joking, larky, capable, engineer officer of a P. and O. steamer than anything else that his torrents of elaborate word-painting seemed foolish and unreal. The part should have been in the hands of a very refined looking man, whose pockets were stuffed with books of minor verse, and whose face had never known a razor—a man who treated life with the insincerity of an epigrammatist, and who did not know, and did not trouble to know, the difference between the rudder and the bowsprit of his trading steamer. If Mr. Locke wishes to write for the stage he must get rid of his exuberant veriosity, and study construction, and listen no more to the stereotype views as to the intelligence of playgoers. "The Man from the Sea" is worth a visit, simply for the sake of Miss Faber's beautiful performance. There is, after all, a great actress on the London stage.

SARAH BERNHARDT

THE world's greatest actress is again among us. Autumn's mists invade the streets of our city; Nature is calm with the chill repose which heralds her yearly death; the leaves, tinted with the flush of dissolution, lie withering in the streets, and the flowers turn pale at the kiss of the bitter evening wind. As night falls in the parks, a chill, damp mist, reddened by the setting sun, envelops the soot-black trunks of the trees, and mounts in ever-spreading wreaths. As the last glow of the sun dies out, the mist darkens to a sombre black and altogether envelops the trees, which stretch their branches towards the open sky like the arms of a drowning man raised towards the light. In this season, when a gentle melancholy fills the soul and our thoughts wander in the world of immortal tragedies, Sarah Bernhardt comes in the autumn of her career to move once more our hearts by the magic of her art.

Sarah Bernhardt, a posthumous child of the Italian Renaissance, combines inexhaustible energy and unrivalled strength of character with the most exquisite artistic talent—a talent which she can direct into all the branches of the arts. She is playing the Duc de Reichstadt in Edmond Rostand's "L'Aiglon," at the Coliseum. Ten years ago she produced this play for the first time at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. Since that time the great actress has lost some of her beautiful grace of movement, some of the lightness of her gesture, and her voice has lost the richness of its tone, but her art remains supreme and immutable. The note of genius still echoes in her accents as of old; her interpretation of the rôle has gained through the never ceasing development of her intelligence. For Sarah Bernhardt is of the race of true artists, who never grow old. Decay only sets in when the mind has reached the limits of its expansion, when it has accomplished its own ambition. But only death could stop the progress of her great mind, which penetrates ever further into the unexplored lands of human sentiment. It is an act of audacity for an actress of Sarah Bernhardt's years to play the part of the young Duc de Reichstadt; but in listening to her fairy voice the physical absurdities of the impersonification vanish. We only see the picture of that young and delicate prince, who feels the spirit of greatness within him, and who is tormented by visions of his father's departed glory. He is a great artistic creation; his every accent is filled with dignity and sadness. He is an idealised prince, whose fine sensibility makes of him a personality that all must love. His soul is consumed in imprisonment at Schoenbrunn, but he lacks the energy and strength to seize the Empire that

awaits him. The portrayal of the "Enfant déchu, d'une race divine," who is consumed by the canker of uncertainty and by the fire of unsatisfied ambition, must evoke in Sarah Bernhardt's heart an echo of her own hard struggle in the past. Her great mind has also known the agony of imprisonment, and her frail body was torn by the hardships of her life. But with her, mind and energy were supreme, and triumphed over physical weakness. For seven long years she was confined to the boards of the Théâtre Français. There, in a worthy setting, with the magnetism of her art and the gold of her voice she called to life the heroines of Racine in all their wonderful poetic tragedy, and moved her audience to bitter tears. But her renown was bound in by the conventions and traditions of the house of Molière, and by the caprice of the Paris critics. Finally, after her performance of Clorinde, in "L'Aventurière," even Sarcey, the dramatic oracle, and her constant supporter, turned against her. But Sarah's delicate frame was animated by a spirit of fire; unlike the Due de Reichstadt, sooner than die in her gilded prison, with one superb burst of rage she broke her bonds and escaped to the empire of fame that awaited her. Then came her series of tours, in the course of which she has placed, as it were, the girdle of her golden voice around the world. Everywhere she went she found her path strewn with the flowers of welcome, and left behind her the memory of greatness. After a performance of "Phèdre" at Rio de Janeiro, she was recalled some two hundred times before the curtain by an audience grown delirious with enthusiasm. The inhabitants of the United States were no less stirred by the greatness of her genius than the more warm-blooded Latin races of South America. All Australia, when she landed, was at her feet. And then, after years of triumphant wandering, she came back to Paris—Paris, whose appreciation is the key to the casket which holds the crown of artistic renown. When Sarah Bernhardt opened the Théâtre de la Renaissance under her own management in 1893, she reaped what to her must have seemed her freshest laurels. It was, indeed, the theatre of the Renaissance; no expense or pains were spared to render it a perfect palace of the Arts. Since then her career has been one of uninterrupted triumphs. Her acting in "La Tosca" and the "Dame aux Camélias" will never be forgotten. She has rendered a new and beautiful interpretation of the character of Hamlet and created a sensation as Jeanne d'Arc, the maiden martyr of Orleans. She has travelled once more to the uttermost parts of the world, and, in the intervals, has played to delighted audiences in Paris at the Théâtre des Nations and the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. Such has been her life of supreme energy, and may the star of her genius long continue to shine in the firmament of Art.

NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SONS' delightful series, entitled "Beautiful England," in which have already appeared Oxford, the Lakes, Canterbury, Shakespeare-Land, the Thames, and Windsor Castle, is shortly to have two new additions. The one is "Cambridge," illustrated by Mr. E. W. Haslehurst, and written by Mr. N. Barwell; the other is "Norwich and the Broads," illustrated by the same artist, and written by Mr. Douglas Jerrold.

Students of the history of social progress and economic well-being will be interested to hear that Mr. Murray is bringing out a book on Industrial England in the middle of the eighteenth century, written by Sir Henry Trueman Wood, secretary of the Royal Society of Arts. The work is a very complete study of the beginning and development of the great industrial revolution which gradually caused England to become the workshop of the world. Mr. Murray also announces a romance of corsairs and pirates. It is entitled "Sea Wolves of the Medi-

ranean." Commander Hamilton Currey, R.N., the author, writes of heroic deeds and dangers overcome, and the book is most stirring and readable. The same firm are publishing a book by Mr. R. F. Johnston, about the Cinderella of the British Empire, which is a nickname for Wei-hai-Wei. It is a most interesting account of the three hundred square miles of Chinese territory which have been under British control since 1898, and deals with the people's folk-lore and religion.

Several charming editions of children's books are promised by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons. Among them is a new edition of "Andersen's Fairy Tales," which have been translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas. Mr. Maxwell Armfield has supplied numerous illustrations in colour, of a most original kind. Mr. J. R. Clark-Hall, M.A., Ph.D., has re-translated "Beowulf," and added much new matter, with notes and an introduction. The book is illustrated and will be brought out by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein. "Vance," of the *Referee*, or, in other words, W. Arnold White, is coming out in volume form, under the title of "The Views of Vance: An Englishman's Outlook." The volume is to be a selection of the well-known *Referee* articles, and is to be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co.

The Red Letter Library, issued by Messrs. Blackie and Sons, is to have four new volumes. These are the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, with an introduction by Mr. W. L. Courtney; "Plays by Sheridan," to which Mr. R. Brimley Johnson has contributed an introduction; and a selection of Sir William Temple's Essays, with an introduction by Mr. J. A. Nicklin. Mr. Edward Arnold announces two interesting books. The first is a biography, entitled "Reminiscences of Clara Novello." These contain vivid pictures of the famous singer's early life, when Charles Lamb and many other distinguished literary and musical people were visitors at her father's house, and also throws sidelights on the stirring times of the unification of the kingdom of Italy, when she was married to Count Gigliucci. The reminiscences are compiled by the singer's daughter, Contessa Valeria Gigliucci. The second work is a novel, entitled "Howard's End," a story of English social life, the scene of which is laid in an old Hertfordshire country house. The author is Mr. Forster, who is known as the writer of "The Longest Journey" and "A Room with a View."

This season will see two books by anonymous writers. One is called "The Shadow of the Purple: Recollections of an ex-Attaché," by a Peeress. The authoress, who is well known in society, has moved in Diplomatic circles, where the events connected with the British Embassy of a Continental Court have come within her personal knowledge and observation. Messrs. Lynwood and Co. are the publishers. The second book is being brought out by Mr. Murray, and is entitled "The Gates," and is a close study of a young man of the world, who has something of Quixotism in his character, and the "gift of dreams." The action takes place in Paris and Egypt. Mr. Murray also promises a Scotch novel, entitled "Bawbee Jock," by Miss Amy McLaren. The scene is laid in the Highlands, and the story has to do with bawbees and love-making.

Another new author is to make his bow this season, Mr. Cecil Hayhurst, who sings the charms of the Yorkshire moors and wolds. His book is called "Autumn Voices: Poems and Sonnets of the Wolds," and is to be published by Messrs. Lynwood and Co. Captain Brereton, a kind of modern Jules Verne, is bringing out a new novel in October. The title conveys what is contained in the book—"The Great Aeroplane." The publishers are Messrs. Blackie and Son.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith's autumn list contains a novel, entitled "The Gentleman Help," written by Lady Owen, the wife of the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bristol. This publisher also has in preparation a most interesting book of travels, called "Across China on Foot." It deals with the experiences of the author, Mr. E. J. Dingle, a journalist and traveller, who actually made the

journey. Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch will have a new novel brought out by Mr. Arrowsmith before long. It is to be called "Brother Copas." Its chief value lies in the comments which the decayed scholar, who gives the book its title, has to offer on men and affairs in modern England.

OUR LETTER FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

To the *Editor of THE ACADEMY*.

SIR,—Although the floating supply of cash is abundant for all commercial purposes, Lombard Street put up its discount rates in view of a possible change this week in the Bank Rate.

A feature of the week has been the fall in our premier security, Consols, which touched the lowest figure for nearly forty years. This is a disgrace to England and to her credit. Fancy even Chinese Loans standing higher than Consols. Who is to blame? We may all well ask. A Socialistic Government certainly does not give confidence to the investor, and a Welsh attorney who is permitted to hold and control the purse-strings of this once great nation and run amok among the poor investors is enough to drive Consols even lower than 80.

Home Railways, which were a bright spot last week, were unable to maintain their strength. The unsatisfactory developments in the Cotton industry were mainly responsible for this position. Lancashire and Yorkshire were chiefly affected by this, as, of course, they would be one of the first to suffer.

American Rails are a curious market just now, but signs are not wanting that they will see higher prices during the next month or so.

It is not surprising that business has been more than usually stagnant during the week, as members have been occupied with the fortnightly settlement, which has been the smallest for many years. It is a great waste of time, I think, that the account should occupy four days a fortnight, which means the stoppage practically of active business for a week out of each month. It is really a matter that the Committee might well consider, as some remedy could surely be found.

Mexican Rails had a slight reaction during the account, but soon rallied in the revenue statement for August, which shows an increase of gross receipts of £82,100, with additional working expenses of only £7,800, the net increase, therefore, being £74,000. The dividend will be out too late for me to discuss it, but it is expected that the directors will see their way to declare the full dividend on the Second Preference and some small allowance on the Ordinary stock—some say 4 per cent. If this is so, the Second Preference should certainly be worth par.

The company-promoting world has been for some time very idle, and rightly so. The flood of Rubber companies that have been forced on a willing public take some time to digest, and no one knows the pulse of the investing public better than the promoter. There is plenty of money still seeking a safe harbour for investment, and this was amply proved by the way in which the recent loans were applied for. The Chinese Loan was several times over applied for. The Union Pacific bonds, which, by the way, are a capital investment, were eagerly absorbed, and are even already quoted at a premium. There are many new issues on their way. Another Chinese Railway Loan will shortly be offered here, and Berlin will be responsible for most of it. Again, the Santa Fé Land Company is about to issue £500,000 Debentures; these should be safe enough, as the Land Company is financially sound.

The West African market has come very much to the front during the past account. Great disappointment was felt at the Wassau report, and although at the meeting the chairman tried to revive the drooping spirits of the shareholders, he had a difficult task, and the long-looked-for success of the company seems far away, and I fear the shareholders must still abide in patience.

All things Canadian were good, especially Canada Pacific, which are steadily reaching 200, a price that I have months back stated they would ultimately reach. Grand Trunks were also in favour, and it is about time we saw this market recover some part of its recent fall. The prospects of the line are quite good, and a purchase of the Second and Third Prefs. should pay to follow.

The Rubber market has been disturbed by rumours of trouble in Mincing Lane, where the position is considered serious. No doubt the recent boom in rubber has disclosed the usual fact that over-trading has to pay for its indiscretion. Many otherwise sound shares had to be forcibly sold, and Highlands and Lowlands were particularly weak.

Henriquez Estates will shortly declare a dividend, and the shares are being bought by influential people. The company is the parent of Henriquez South, which it successfully floated a few months back.

Paris has been a buyer of Mexican Mines of El Oro, which is one of the richest in the American group. Another Mexican mine which has come very much to the front lately, and of which more will be heard, is the Carmen Mines of El Oro, and I am told they should be a good purchase. The clever crowd are quietly buying some of the best Kaffir shares. They sensibly look ahead, and do not wait until after the event. The rise is sure to come; it may not be till the end of next month, but it will come. It may not be a boom—I think it will not be—but a substantial and steady rise, which is the best way after all.

Rhodesians have been a very disappointing market to a lot of us. A Rhodesian boom was on everybody's lips, but it cometh not. Booms never do when they are expected. They usually come unannounced and when they are least expected. But it is a strange fact that Rhodesians should be singled out for special weakness. The recent flotation of the Cam and Motor proved a fiasco, and the shares are at a discount; the market has derived little benefit from the reorganisation of the Rhodesian trust company.

Tanganyika shares were firm, a report being circulated that the directors were expecting news of the completion of the railway to the Star of the Congo Mine.—I am Sir, yours faithfully,

FINANCIAL OBSERVER.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE ACADEMY" AND PROSODY.

To the *Editor of THE ACADEMY*.

SIR,—Miss Hester Brayne in her letter adopts the scarcely fair yet time-honoured device of ignoring contention to fasten on less important detail. An instance is in the type of line of which I say it "might be called the 'three-beat' heroic." With her scansion of such a single line as "made up of five temporal periods, but carrying only four stresses," I imagine few would quarrel; but this does not alter the fact that when a number of such lines occur they tend to pass through on three beats, which again give an uncomfortable sing-song effect to verse. I gather from Miss Brayne's letter that she had not even read "The City of Dreadful Night" to discover if my contention were so or not. Seeing that this poem was the subject, this seems all the more extraordinary. She passes on, however, to demand that I should have totalled up the number of such lines in that poem; which demand would have been egregious enough, except for the fact that this curious arithmetical treatment and dissection of so live a thing as poetry is not uncommon in some quarters. My fault with "B.V." was that, however many times he used such lines, their use too frequently offends the ear; it is quite conceivable that a better craftsman might have used them more often than he, and yet the ear not have noticed their use. Miss Brayne says she counted "as many as twelve" such lines in "Lycidas." Well, six per cent. seems scarcely to deserve such emphasis; but my faith in Milton as a craftsman is so great that I can well imagine him using double that ratio, and yet being so deft in their use and manipulation as to disguise their frequency. And "manipulation" is important. Take the two lines Miss Brayne cites from "Lycidas"! She says that "Milton repeats the cadence exactly as Thomson does" in the lines I quoted, whereas, in point of fact, they are as far apart as they can well be. Obviously the importance lies in the second lines of each. And here, knowing the weak foot coming, Milton "halts" the cadence of the earlier part of the line by a strong use of consonants, whereas Thomson opens his vowels and lets the whole line run through easily.

Similarly, Miss Brayne takes no notice of my protest at the barbarism of taking the opening line of "Paradise Lost" as a unit for scansion. The weak fourth foot in it is merely to give additional strength and force to the coming words, "of that

forbidden tree." To omit these words is essentially to misunderstand the preceding line; in other words, is "to stumble badly."

Permit me a closing comment on Miss Brayne's deft interjection "sic." I remember once seeing such an interjection placed after Swinburne's characterisation of Meredith's stanzas in "Modern Love" as sonnets. Technically, Meredith's stanzas are not sonnets, and technically the lines I quote are not a couplet; but literally both words are, in point of fact, correct. It is only a pedant who would have us hide-bound by terminology when the bare meanings of words are obvious. A railway-shunter, on the same ground, would, I fear, deny both of us the use of the word.—I am, etc.

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

SOCIALISM AND THE WORKING MAN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I feel particularly gratified that a journal of the standing of THE ACADEMY has thought fit to print my humble effusion. It is extremely encouraging to me, and will spur me on to further efforts on behalf of the principles which we seem to hold in common.

It may be of interest to you to know that at one time I was an active worker and speaker on behalf of the Radical party, with a strong leaning towards Socialism. A deep and, I hope, intelligent study of history, political, economical, and social science, has convinced me, however, that the welfare of my class will be much better accomplished by working on the lines indicated in the letter which you were good enough to publish, than by the wild schemes and irrational theories so vehemently propounded by interested parties at the present time. In combatting the pernicious doctrines of the Socialists, we up here in the North have a hard fight before us, but I am convinced that ultimately we shall win. Signs of a coming change are not wanting, and in bringing about this very desirable reaction I hope to take a not inglorious part.

Assuring you of my interest in THE ACADEMY,—I have the honour to be,

Yours faithfully,
A WORKING MAN.

THE "DAILY MAIL" AND GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Your correspondent's letter is very interesting, showing a personal experience, perhaps; but, notwithstanding, I shall wager the odds on this much-abused paper when history is written!

There is, deep in most Englishmen's minds, a conviction that the policy which should be taken is the destruction of Germany's navy at the present juncture; but the divided small interests of our charming and effete Government give us no time to look that way. Reading between the lines, it would seem that Mr. McCulloch is a trifle infected by Germany and its ways. Can this actually be so?—Yours,

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.

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